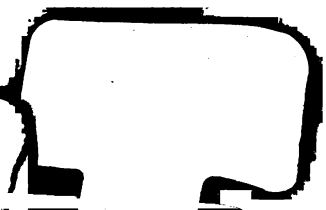

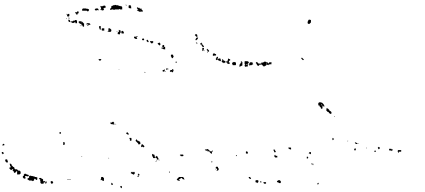

INTRODUCTION

TO

SOCIAL SCIENCE

A DISCOURSE IN THREE PARTS

By GEORGE H. CALVERT
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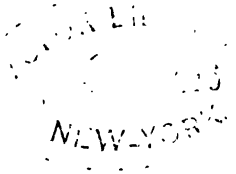
REDFIELD
34 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK
1856.



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13 Chambers Street, N. Y.

PREFACE.

WHEN into the procedure of the creative might that feeds universal life we look with loving insight, we learn, that fruitfulness, harmony, beauty, are its ends; and that it gains these ends by incessant work with simplest elements. To cowork with this sleepless power, is the function of man.

The highest object of human work is the earthly condition of man; which condition, primarily dependent on his original endowment, is inextricably involved in his relations with his fellows. The Divine will as to that condition we can only discover by a thorough scrutiny of ourselves, as men and as the constituents of society. The

deeper we penetrate into ourselves, the higher we thereby ascend toward the Infinite Fountain of all our depths. As we grow, the mystery of life at once deepens and reveals itself. As we gain insight into Nature and our own minds, the all-compassing light, wherein Nature and ourselves are sheltered, becomes more awful, and at the same time more luminous.

In the past century, in the last decade, Christendom has been more deeply agitated than ever before. Humanity is deeper than ever, and hence is capable of a more billowy movement. The growth of knowledge; the collision of people with people; the accelerated intercommunication through the press, the railroad, the telegraph, and through personal contact; the vast enlargement of the cultivated class; the undergrowth and silent strengthening of the Christian principles of love and unity; and, especially, the seemingly sudden expansion of science, and, consequent thereon, the immensely increased product and variety of human work: from all these causes — causes implying a strong, voluminous, inward

heaving of the human mind — Christendom is a-glow with power, expectation, aspiration; and the view of the Christian thinker is enlarged, his conviction deepened and fortified, and his hopes cheered. On the broad mound of accumulated, multiplex facts he stands, firmed thereon by his invigorated vision, which, through all phenomena, discerns more clearly than aye the inexorable beneficent logic of God.

The perception of this logic is the best human knowledge. Slow are men in mastering it. Long ages of schooling they need to reach this vantage-ground in culture. Only the most gifted reach it at all. Three fourths of the present inhabitants of the earth have not yet learned to perceive the presence and dominion of law, even in physical phenomena. By the other fourth this perception has been, through toilsome, gradual steps, at last attained. The Caucasian race has seized on, and is subjecting, the vast kingdoms of the material world to science.

Equally the objects of scientific conquest are all other provinces of life; nor can they be fully

possessed or enjoyed but by being thus conquered. Science is the discovery of the law which reigns over phenomena. All phenomena are thus ruled. God is everywhere methodical, orderly, scientific; governing every domain of the universe by laws benignant in their scope, infallible in their operation. The discovery of these laws is the condition of man's development, of his advancement, of his success. Every such discovery is a permanent additional illumination of his path.

The mind seeks, demands law; nay, is not itself without law. Only through the recognition and comprehension of law can it find its food, and gain fields for its action. Hereby does the creature-mind of man joyfully link itself, fit itself, to the Creator's mind; and thus exultingly swing up to its grandest office, becoming hereby itself creative.

Never, in his upward struggle, does man gain a better foothold, but on the firm ground of law: to every achieved step he is lifted by law. If rashly he strides on against law, he ever recoils, baffled. The logic of God is everywhere, and

surely confounds him who defies it. By intellectual deduction, by genial intuition, by organic sympathy, he may master this logic; but master it he must, to prosper. Whithersoever he turns, in whatever field, large or small, he works, there, to help or thwart him, is God's law, the representative of Omniscience, more omnipotent than light. Law is light; and whoever would work without it, works in darkness.

Things the most subtle, not less than the most gross, are ruled by law. Not less strictly than the reason or the mathematical calculus, the imagination has its laws. The products of the poet palpitate with creative pulse, in proportion as they discern and obey high law. Are they lawless, they are lifeless. From the orbit of a planet to the spinning of a spider's web; from the growth of ideas to the growth of a butterfly; from the incommensurable compass of man's being to the circumscription of an oyster—all things *are*, each has its special being, according to inborn, immutable, symmetrical, prolific law. In the universe there is no chasm. Throughout the myriad

threads, whose ceaseless motion weaves the texture of life—

"And works at the Godhead's live vesture sublime"*—

there is not a single breach. Law keeps each inviolable in its unique sphere, binds each to each, and each to the whole.

The application by man, for his service, of a broad, comprehensive law, demands means, apparatus, methods, details; and these demand contrivance, intellect. If the man-provided medium for the embodiment, for the utilization, of a discovered law, be inadequate, the law, working lamely, goes but partially into force. Thus, when the law of the expansion of steam was first applied to navigation, the apparatus for bringing this law into practical action was so disproportioned to its wants, that the highest speed attained was but five miles an hour. By gradual adaptation of the medium of action to the power of the agent, steamboats now move at four times that speed. By the invention and perfecting of apparatus, we use the awful lightning as our mes-

* Faust.

senger. In these two cases, what fruitful, incalculable results from this human, intellectual co-operation with Divine laws! Through similar cunning alliances, like productive triumphs have been achieved in other domains—in astronomy, in chemistry, in dynamics. In all, the human intellect has to provide conductors of the superhuman forces—bodies suitable to the manifestation of their spirit—machinery whereto to harness these willing, invisible giants.

Now, for subjecting the moral life to the exalted Christian law of love and justice—to the end that the same be a daily, active, purifying presence—an apparatus is as indispensable as for the helpful sway of any other law—a medium through which this great law can play freely, fully, harmoniously. Temples, priesthoods, rituals, these are the best and only apparatus as yet devised. But this apparatus—used from the first to proclaim and make known the law—has been at all times utterly inefficient to execute it. To declare the law, to interpret it, to exhort, to warn, and to threaten—do these make it practi-

cally sacred? All this, now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is lifeless verbiage—as noisy, and at the same time as unmusical and impertinent, as the tin-trumpetings of a holyday! Everybody knows the law—in so far as we can know what we so partially practise. What we want is, to have it executed.

The best words—words representing deep, holy substance—when not attended by concordant deeds, lead finally through hollow repetition, to indifference, to formalism, to unbelief, to (what is now universal in Christendom) a conventional hypocrisy. Words without deeds get to be words without life. Sentiment without act ends in weakness, in rottenness.

Throughout Christendom, an immense, ramified, complicated apparatus of material means is sustained at vast pecuniary cost, with the object of making the Christian law dominant over man. Yet nowhere, by no single individual out of two hundred millions, is this law, or can it be, obeyed. To rule active life, this is its function—to establish and nourish healthy relations among men and

between man and God — a sublime function, unique in its sublimity. But active life, the relations closely knit by the multiplex interests of civilization, are all opposed — innately, angrily, immovably opposed — to the rule of Love, and Justice, and Unity. At all points, on every day, by every person, the Christian law — which demands for its fulfilment the supremacy of the generic, all-embracing, unifying, perfectly unselfish feelings of our nature, and the subjection to these of the lower feelings — this law is met with frowns, with contempt, with indifference, at best with despair. The purest can not obey it in full. A large number — many calling themselves and thinking themselves Christian — deny the very existence of these noble, supreme feelings. Our customs, our necessities, our institutions, our social and industrial principles and practices, all are arrayed against the dominance of the Christian law of universal good-will and universal equity. And against these customs, necessities, practices — inwoven, inrooted in our hourly being, nay, constituting the most of our being — against these, your vast, ex-

pensive, complex Sunday apparatus for carrying out the Christian law, is powerless; so obviously powerless, that many — among them earnest men, themselves Christian in sentiment and practice — declare Christianity to be a failure. No more than gravitation, or the laws which govern numbers, can Christianity fail. For eighteen centuries it has been a light to humanity; not shining in the deeds of kings, nor glaring from the towers of cities, nor even always from the spires of churches — but modestly, inwardly, in humble hearts. In modern history it is a column of fire, drawing onward by its heat even when its flame has not been visible; its modern presence made splendidly conspicuous by the contrasted religious darkness in the individual heart of ancient pagan humanity. To believe that it can fail, is unconscious atheism. But, what has failed, what has grown obsolete, is the apparatus hitherto employed to be the medium of its life and power: that, whatever partial good purpose it has at times fulfilled, is now a lifeless mechanism, a social conventionalism, a worldly armory. As a

religious instrument and coadjutant, it is, for the most part, a sounding emptiness, a brazen sham.

I say Sunday apparatus. Christianity now is, practically, a Sunday religion. We set apart one day in the week for worship and prayer. We discountenance, we forbid work. That day we dedicate to religious offices and meditations. We bear ourselves seriously, demurely. Our envies, and hates, and greeds, and lusts, we suspend for the day. It is a day of rest from evil passions as well as from work. If we meet a man whom we defrauded on Friday, our conscience pricks us as we pass him. We talk little and low, so as not to disturb the sanctimonious mood. Quietly we go early to bed, to be rid of the final hour of the *idle, solemn, heavy* day. Briskly on Monday we rise, and, with our Sunday clothes, put aside our Sunday religion. Our greeds and hates revive. Him whom we defrauded on Friday we defraud again on Tuesday. Love mercy, do justice, walk humbly, love thy neighbor as thyself: against all these we *say* not a word the whole week through; but business is business, and the whole body and

soul, current, activity and momentum of business, are counter to these Sunday sentiments, and control and subject them as inevitably as the active man does the inactive. Six days we work in unchristian conditions: the seventh idle day we play Christian. The Christian law is a law over action, or it is naught. At rest, not doing, we need no law, Christian or other. Do we need moral law when we sleep? We leave off work, to cultivate religion; and we lay aside religion when we set to work. On the deep moral soil, parched or rank from the week's unscientific culture, we pour thin Sunday sprinklings from stale theological reservoirs, which, from the instantaneousness of evaporation in the steady heat of selfishness, often scorch more than they refresh.

Thus we make the week a negation of Sunday, and Sunday a cessation of the week. We divide our life into seven parts, whereof we give six to Mammon and one to God. It looks like a purpose to cheat God out of six days' communion which we owe him, by seeming to give him the whole of one! What he wills of us is, not lip-

worship, but work-worship. There is no genuine heart-worship or thought-worship without work-worship. This non-worship in the working week, and lip and look worship on the idle Sunday, is a monstrous, frowning dualism in our being. It is a disintegration of the moral life, as unnatural, and as mortal spiritually, as would be physically the disintegration of the blood.

Sunday words, Sunday sentimentality, Sunday looks, Sunday solemnity, what do these avail? We want healthy, Christian, week-day work. By work we live bodily and mentally; out of work grow all our relations with our fellows; and, by banning from work the Christian law, we banish it from our lives. To make our daily, working life vital with justice and love—to make all our work a communion with God—this is the aim of SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Toward this great end, the writer of the following imperfect, most insufficient discourse, would contribute a mite; his purpose therein being, to point to the necessity of an industrial, and, through that, a Social Reorganization, and to sketch the

Law (recently discovered) whereby this reorganization can, without a stroke of destructive violence, be wrought; and thence, the Christian law gain the vantage-ground needed for its full accomplishment — a vantage-ground which itself, ever stimulating to culture, has always underpropped, thereby bracing the intellect with such practical, crafty, manifold strength, that it can now repay its immense debt to the Christian sentiment. This debt paid, the two shall be as one, and, through their unity, the human mind spring upward with a new inspiration, purifying and invigorating itself by healthful, loyal activity, until man's life shall be at one with God's life.

Newport, R. I., *April*, 1856.

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INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

PART I.

NEW TRUTH — KNOWLEDGE.

A NEW truth is a stranger. It appeals to our hospitality. And we are mostly too indolent, or too busy, or too selfish, to give it lodging. Hence, new truths are slow of acceptance. Are they of great import — the mind can not at first grasp them. Do they, as with moral or political truths, clash with, or seem to clash with, existing interests — then, to intellectual incapacity or sluggishness, is added interested unwillingness. Moreover, men can not foresee the consequences, rarely even perceive the immediate bearings, of great truths and events. Foresight is a rare gift. The Present, too, is grudging toward the Future, is envious of the Future. And then, people are so timid, so under cow, from disappointment and

misery, that they refuse to believe, are afraid to believe, in a better to come.

If eighty years ago it had been announced in Europe, that, on the coast of America was about to be founded a State, the which, in less than a century, would stretch its empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific; contain thirty millions of people, who should work more, read more, write more, think more, act more, than any other people on the globe; that this great, prosperous, new State should be worked by no other political principle than the democratic, should be the compeer of the powerful kingdoms of Europe—the man who, in London or Paris, should have so predicted in 1770, would not have been persecuted as a true prophet, he would have been laughed at as a harmless visionary.

If eighteen hundred years ago, in pagan Athens or Rome, it had been declared, that in Palestine, and heard by men still living, words had been spoken, of such exalted fitness for humanity, of such generic wisdom, of such seminal potency, that having once fallen on the hearts of men, they would there beget a faith, that would be more cherished than the blood therein; that hundreds of thousands of men would in times soon to come cast away their bodily life to keep unquenched the spiritual life by these words engendered;

and, that thus living from age to age, through persecution and obscuration and corruption, the light kindled by them would spread and strengthen, and so enlarge humanity, that in seventeen or eighteen centuries, nations penetrated and uplifted by this faith, will, from their elevation, look down upon our Grecian and Roman existence, scanning it with eyes unsealed by the warmth of a divine inspiration—he who, in the reign of Tiberius, should have thus spoken, would have been scoffed as a brain-sick dreamer.

So far back we need not go for proofs of men's obtuseness to new truths. Our later, and wiser times, are still fruitful in examples of this kind of infidelity. Less than thirty years ago the London Quarterly Review—then an authoritative journal—decried railroads as a mischievous innovation. Priesnitz—one of Nature's highest priests, and a benefactor of the race—like his countryman, Faust, was supposed by his neighbors to be in league with the devil. The discovery of the physiology of the brain—whereby at last a solid foundation has been given to mental science—before that, ever liable to be shaken by the upheavings of individual consciousness, and therefore not science—was, with the blasphemy constitutional in the papal church, proscribed by the inquisitors in Rome.

But truth survives every enmity. Truth animates all being; is the sustaining spirit of things, an unquenchable fire fed by the Most High. And when men shall have ceased to discern fresh sparks from the supersolar centre, shall have ceased to be warmed by fresh radiations therefrom, humanity will have begun to die.

Above us, afront of us, within us, is a store of sealed truth, which it is the function of genius to unseal. Great truths are ever looming up out of the Infinite, out of the bosom of God—whose being may be conceived as a ceaseless evolution of truth. Hovering about us, courting our regards, they await our wants and our discernment, eager to be released from inaction, and to be unloosed for the fructification of the earth and the enrichment, material and moral, of man. But like those stars, which are so remote that their light is centuries in reaching the earth, truth, even in the most advanced societies, is often long invisible, from a mental remoteness caused by the opaque void in men's minds. Wisdom crieth in the wilderness, and no man hearkeneth to her voice. The wilderness is the wide waste of undeveloped or blunted sensibilities. We have eyes and we see not, ears and we hear not; so dulled are our moral senses by the friction of small egotisms, so benumbed by the coldness of custom.

What a sick world it is, to which new truths have ever been bitter. What a misordered society, which for self-protection has always deemed its duty to be the rejection and suppression of ideas.

The pseudo-conservatives*—men who would perpetuate yesterday, who would like never to have to-morrows, who have an unholy dread of the future, with its healthful transformations—the timorous, the inexpansive, the becushioned—had they had their will, Christianity would not have lived, the Reformation would have been smothered, the American Revolution strangled in its cradle, types would have been crushed, railroads would not have been; for the initiators of all these were neglected, stigmatized, or slain.

But humanity is inherently, necessarily, imperatively progressive. We were once like to savages,† then barbarians, now civilized. Is this

* The true conservative is necessarily progressive; for he understands and values primary principles, and recognises the unfolding, creative power, that ever resides in these. Vulgar conservatism is often a form of self-complacency. Some men are so self-satisfied, they think they can not be bettered; and if they can not, of course neither can other people or things.

† That the superior races, the white, have ever been savages, may be doubted. To be in the savage state implies such original poverty in the higher human attributes, that expansion out of that state by inward motion would seem impossible.

our final condition? Wherefore believe that it is? What man shall say, Stop! to mankind? With your muscle can you arrest the steam-driven car? And would you, with your will or thought, arrest God-driven humanity? Obstruct it you may, as an idiot or a felon may with a log obstruct the railroad train; and they who thus imitate the idiot or the felon, cause like calamities, only ten thousand fold more destructive, inasmuch as the train they arrest is laden with nations. Witness the life-spilling stoppages effected by Pope Pius IX. and Louis Bonaparte.

In his higher types, man is by organization indefinitely progressive; and herein is one of his pre-eminences over all created things on earth. But his growth is slow: his nature unfolds itself gradually, by consecutive throes. For generations he lives under the coarse rule of his animal elements. Hence, ages are sometimes needed to evolve the latent splendor there is in a truth. Hence, the benefactors of mankind are always above their fellows; at times so high, that they are too distant to be recognised. But in the end, they and the truths they reveal are valued, and by power of these, reason and sentiment mingle more deeply in man's being; he emerges from successive darknesses into light; light breeds light; so that at last, purged of all dimness and

density, without a baseness or a fear in his heart, which shall then be full, and beat with unconditional love for his fellow-men, he shall stand face to face on earth with the Deity.

Progress is the effect of knowledge. The steps, the only steps, whereby we advance or rise, are mental perceptions of facts and principles. The more we know, the more of men we are. The child becomes a man by additions of knowledge: without these additions he would remain a child The idiot is he who can learn nothing. To get knowledge, is the first necessity of man, the most absolute law of his being. To be human he must know: this is at once his privilege, and his duty, and his unavoidable condition. He who knows least, is the weakest; he who knows most, is the strongest. I mean, not mere memory-stores, but knowledge of the nature, relations, and laws of things, the knowledge imbibed by sympathy as well as that appropriated by intellect, a knowledge wrought into the texture of the mind by reflection and practice and active sensibilities. The bulk and quality of a man's knowledge are the measure of his power. As is the elevation of the things he knows, so is his elevation by knowledge.

A few examples will make this clear.

Napoleon had vast knowledge but only of

things material; in things moral he was a dullard and an ignoramus. He knew how to lead soldiers, but not how to lead men: he knew the force of artillery, but not the force of feeling: he knew how to make the selfishness of man his instrument, but he knew not what a more effective instrument is his nobleness. As lawgiver for camps, he was a master: as lawgiver for men, he was an arrogant ape. He knew only the lower side of human nature; the upper was unknown to him: he lacked thus the highest knowledge. Hence he failed and fell; and the higher the level of humanity, the more signal will look his failure and the deeper his fall. His greatest deeds were short-lived, blood-bought ostentations; his memory only feeds a sickly, national vanity; and his example is, at this moment, a curse to France.

An eminent contemporary of Napoleon, Lord Byron, also exemplifies the want of moral knowledge, the which want, traceable throughout his works, is strikingly exhibited in an incident of his life. Riding into Pisa on horseback, accompanied by his friend Shelley, they got into a quarrel with the military guard at the gate, and one of the soldiers making a vigorous lunge at Byron, Shelley threw himself between them at the evident peril of his own life. Byron, in relating afterward the incident, expressed his wonder at

the act of Shelley, and frankly declared that he could not understand it. His knowledge of the human heart did not reach so high. The self-indulging impulse to strike a foe was native to his bosom, and he would have backed his friend, even with danger to himself, in that; but the self-forgetting impulse — so natural to Shelley, one of the purest and noblest of men — this exalted power of self-sacrifice was not native to Byron's bosom. Thence, he could not appreciate or seize the deed into which it flashed. Although with his eyes he had witnessed it, he knew it not; for there are things, and those of the best, a knowledge whereof is not gotten through the senses or intellect, but only through the heart.

What a man knows in this thorough way, he puts, if a writer, into his writings. Byron is the poet of the propensities. When these are his theme, which they mostly are, he does unconsciously his best. He is then in earnest; all his powers tune themselves to this congenial key; then narrative and description are fluent and lively, especially with beauties of vesture; then he is lavish of poetic riches. But when he would ascend into the regions of emotion and far-reaching thought, his movement loses the freedom of cordiality, and the grace of spontaneity, and the vigor of conviction. Knowledge fails him.

Much has been written about the learning of Shakespeare. A man gets his learning chiefly from without—from the kingdoms of Nature, inspected by his intellect, or reported for him by others; or from printed records of facts and men's opinions: his knowledge he gets chiefly from within—from his intuitions, from his capacity of insight into things and persons. Thus, the worth of a man's learning, whatever the amount of it, depends finally upon his knowledge. Unless he knows how to smelt his learning, it is a crude possession. By mixing it into our minds through reflection and sympathy, by assimilating it to ourselves, it becomes productive, it becomes knowledge. Thus it is that learning fructifies in men, especially in men of genius, who may be said to bear within them mines waiting to be fired by a spark from Nature. Witness Copernicus, Newton, Fulton. Shakespeare was a mountain of such mines. He was all compact of intuitions; and therefore, though there have been men far more learned than Shakespeare, never one had so much knowledge. He knew the wealth and motions of the human heart; he knew the scope and subtle keenness of the intellect. The concretions of these fiery elements into individual men and women, he knew with such plastic discernment, that his many personages are in their reality and viv-

idness as though God-created. Men, as they stir in history and society, he knew how to combine into such passionate groups, that from his incarnations we learn the secrets of our own bosoms. Such was his knowledge of things, that his sentences are braces of wisdom for the invigoration of sages; such his knowledge of words, that his page is the dictionary of scholars; such his knowledge of beauty, that from his verse the tints and perfumes of Nature gather freshness. Through his knowledge he is the supreme European man. The mental life* of a Shakespeare is a stream of coruscations of new knowledge.

Like Shakespeare, all men draw their strength from their knowledge. Knowledge is the test and substance of manhood. All that we are, we are through knowledge. The more of it men and nations have, the more they are.

Now, this sap of our strength, this food of our life, what is it that we do in the act of imbibing it? Observe the child; for here, where Nature lays the foundations of her masterpiece, her method will be the most transparent and instructive. The mental growth of the child is, by seizure of novelties. Search for the new is its impulse to

* The life of any man, to be true and full, must, to the end, be ever refreshed and swelled in its flow by tributaries of new facts and ideas.

motion. Its big-eyed life is an endless voyage of discovery. Hungry for new things, its quick-crescent intellect plies the senses to feed an insatiate appetite. A few inspections, a few intent handlings, and the object is possessed, is learned, is already old. Quickly it is dropped for another not yet grasped by the fingers. Thus, the daily, monthly, yearly life of the child, is but a casting behind it the old, and an eager, happy stretching forward for the new. And thus its heart and its intellect build themselves through ever-new assimilations. With strengthening years the ken becomes wider, the grasp stronger; the child passes into youth. Far behind him are his early, simple knowledges. To him time has been a series of transmutations from old things to new: each year has brought its tribute of newness. Enlarged and emboldened, his thoughts reach out for higher and more delicious possibilities. The Future beckons him with its splendid newness. His life is a perpetual dawn watching for sunrise. Hope, whose fascination is in its promise of new things, whose very life is newness, Hope marshals him the way into manhood, whose wide portal he enters behung with perfumed garlands of victory, with the glow of a conqueror to whom all things have yielded, and who has but to come in order to overcome.

This is the youth as he might be and should be, but alas! not as he is. In the cradle begin already the thwartings of Nature's generous purposes. The even throb of the infant's pulse is fluttered by manifold unnecessary alarms; its young heart is blistered by the hot tears of sorrow. With scars of defeat rather than with wreaths of triumph the youth enters manhood, dogged by the jackals of animal and sordid passion, that prowl over the sand-waste into which the human heart is so much converted by our self-seeking civilization.

In our incomplete condition, we can not divine how far short we fall of the strength Nature prepares for us; but what strength a man has, he has through accretions of knowledge. His equipments for life are inborn aptitudes, armed with laws and processes discovered by insight or genius, and assimilated into himself by laborious, intelligent perseverance; his will and his power being immeasurably augmented by the appropriation of innumerable instruments, each one in turn a novelty — twice a novelty: once when by some gifted worker it was first revealed to mankind, and then a novelty to each individual man until, growing up to its elevation, he learns its uses.

The highest men are they who, drawing directly from Nature, add new knowledge to the

old store—the great poets and thinkers, the revealers of beauty, the discoverers of laws intellectual, dynamical, physical, social. These smooth and widen the ancient paths, and open new ones. These are the embassadors from the Divine Majesty, the chief ministers of his will; and the higher their field of ministration, the higher their rank. Greater benefactors than the interpreters of men's laws are the interpreters of Nature's laws. Due honor to Marshall and Story; but to Fulton and Allston a still higher is due. It is not Bacon the lord-chancellor, it is Bacon the naturalist, the scientific seeker of truth, the propounder of the law of knowledge and advancement, that shines with sidereal lustre in the crown of intellectual brilliants that England so proudly wears. A half-score of her historic lawyers, or bishops, or generals, or statesmen, she might spare; for these are secondary men—men some of them of great ability, of great usefulness, but the loss of whom had not been irremediable: other men were at hand to take and to fill their places. But there was no second Newton to reach up into the stars, and clasp there the hand of the Almighty! Amid the illustrious throng that consecrate the reign of Elizabeth, one man stands by himself, without a possible substitute; too solitary to be even valued by his neighbors;

leading the vexed, unhonored life of a playwright and a play-actor; but living in such holy intimacy with God and Nature, that from his mind was an efflux of divine utterances; a man of such creative vigor, that he has impregnated with his thought his native land, and thereby so aggrandized it, that, wanting her Shakespeare, England had not been England.

Great or small, originator or imitator, each derives his efficacy from what he knows; and he knows in proportion to the things he has evolved within himself or taken into himself from without. The child becomes a man by ever-fresh assimilations, and the man becomes more of a man the more new things he is master of. If the child ceases to learn, he ceases to ascend toward manhood: he staggers for a time about the boundary, and then sinks into the idiot. The penalty to the child of not learning new things is idiocy: to the man a like penalty—intellectual imbecility, moral stagnation.

The same with peoples. Some of them never reach the adult state. Their minds not growing, that is, not opening to new things, they can not emerge from nonage. No new wants of body or soul successively beset them, stimulating them to labor or invention. Thence, they ever remain crude, and gross, and idle. The natives of cen-

tral and western Africa, the Malays in Asia, the Indians in America, stick in the animal life—a life where the field of sensation and action being shallow and confined, man is half-dumb, half-deaf, half-blind; where, the mighty brain sleeping, except in its lowest functions, he has not learned the uses of eye or hand; where, having no inkling of man's immense means and sublime ends, and incapable of new things, he remains fixed in ignorant, unprogressive, brutish savagery.

Barbarism is an expansion. The barbarian knows much more than the savage. He wants more, and on the ladder of his wants has ascended into many trees of knowledge. To him Nature is not a blank waste: if she does not glow to him, she twinkles with life. Some of her virtues he discerns, and the profit to be drawn from them. He has made discoveries and inventions. He feels the need of help, and Nature answers his need. She gives him ore; out of it he draws iron, and shapes rude tools. He hews, and builds, and harvests. He congregates in towns, and interchanges products of labor. But, morally and scientifically, he is still a beginner. His acquaintance is but with surfaces. He has barely escaped from the thraldom to Nature in which the savage lives. Of the laws of things he

has but dim glimpses. He is an empiric and a fatalist.* He is governed by human will not by principles. After a time he learns nothing new; he lives on the old; therefore he stagnates; therefore he remains a barbarian. Asia offers, in Turks and Persians, the fullest samples from this phasis of humanity. The Hindoos and Chinese, through partial, industrial development, have passed out of it into civilization—a limited and prosaic civilization. Westward of Asia we must look for the maturest forms of civilization. The frontier provinces of European Turkey, Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Bosnia, with Eastern and Southern Russia, are semi-civilized. Through them is the transition from barbaric Asia to civilized Europe. In Russia, Poland and Hungary we have civilization in its lower stage, industry and the arts being imperfectly developed, intellectual culture limited and little diffused. Further west are Germany and Italy, and France and England. In these, civilization is in its maturity. Here is a large pile of various knowledge, together with an immense magazine of ingenious, helpful inventions. Nature has been industrially explored, many of her laws discov-

* The fatalist yields, succumbs, to circumstance; the thinking Christian resists, triumphs over, subjects, annihilates, and then re-creates circumstance.

ered. Knowledge has been deepened into science; feeling has been refined into art; the practical has been strengthened by the ideal. Bonds have been immensely multiplied among neighboring men; and with the most distant threads of relation have been knit by the skill of an adventurous greedy commerce. In place of the enforced combinations that bind barbarians, men are linked in manifold, voluntary associations. Thought is active and bold, seizing all things in its procreative embrace. The surface of society scintillates with the electric play of mind on matter. A vast daily work is done.

Nature is a great workshop. In proportion as man co-works with her, is the elevation and excellence of his condition. The scale of humanity ascends from the man who does little work, the savage, to the man who does much work, the civilized. The less work a man does, the lower he is; the more he does, the higher. The higher a man's work, the more it binds him to his fellows, and his fellows to one another. While every man grinds his own corn in a rude hand-mortar, each one is so far isolated, and independent of his neighbors. But when, with some knowledge of dynamic laws, he has contrived the water-mill, he becomes the centre toward which and from which run lines of fellowship reciprocally profit-

able. The mastery of the horse strengthens the union between man and man. But when with laborious art he has converted the beautiful circle into a wheel, and laid down the road of stone, a thousandfold stronger is the bond. And when with still deeper knowledge he has launched the steam-car on the road of iron, millions of men are brought as close together as thousands were before. Still more notable is this in the moral field.

In the ascent from feebleness to strength, from awkwardness to skill, from wildness to culture, from low to high, the steps are successive augmentations of knowledge, and each increase is through the appropriation of a new thing. Human growth, like sylvan, is by making new wood. The best History is the record of advances in knowledge; and no people has a history except through advances in knowledge. In a nation's growth, every brilliant epoch, the Augustan, the Elizabethan, the Raphaelish, is brilliant through the illumination of splendid novelties.

In man there is a quenchless thirst for novelty. This thirst is an unconscious motion, not toward growth merely, but self-preservation. Life might be defined—a long pursuit of novelty, the richer and more productive according to the vivacity and success of the pursuit. To halt, is to lan-

guish. It is to slacken the currents that feed all great human movements; and the effects are akin to the disasters that would flow from a pause in some of Nature's mighty elaborations, the evolution of heat, the propulsion of ripening juices. Is not every day new—a newness daily projected out of eternity? Every day we begin life afresh. The most unthinking victim of routine brings to the daily repetition of his monotonous task new strength. Our bodies renew themselves incessantly, or they sicken. Old elements are the bane of the body. Old air is poisonous. Knowledge itself, which is the food of the mind, even knowledge, when it gets old, degenerates to mere learning, shrinks to innutritious dryness, and needs to be moistened with new knowledge. Life is lively in proportion as it is fed by fresh aliment. At the end of every five or six years we have new bodies; not a particle of the old one is left to us. If this renovating transformation is checked, the body becomes heavy, achy, diseased. Body and mind equally crave newness. Against dullness—which is the dearth of mental newness—we protest by yawns or explosions. What has not in it some smack of newness, self-evolved or imparted, is tasteless, lifeless. Nature, in all her life, teaches this lesson of the worth and need of newness. She ever renews her whole

vesture, and in her higher organizations, her substance as well as vesture. She keeps her beauty by ceaseless renewal. Newness is the gloss and health of Nature, the instructor and uplifter of man. It is the nourisher of science, which is an accumulation of novelties successively brought to light by genius and labor, and adjusted by logic. Our treasure of new things is the measure of our knowledge of Nature and her laws, and this knowledge is the measure of our nearness to God. Newness is the very breathing of God. To set face against the new, is to refuse the breath of life.

Of this divine breath, each being inhales according to the refinement and complexity of its organization. There is more life in a tree than in a stone; more in an ox than a tree; more in a man than an ox; more in an educated European than in a Typeean child of Nature, so called. The test of inherent nervous excellence is capacity of education; for, education is the sharpening of inborn aptitudes on the whetstone of outward objects and facts. The dog soon closes the circuit of his development: there is a very quick limit to the learning of fleas. Only man can, strictly speaking, be educated, that is, unfolded from within. The higher his endowment; the more there is to be unfolded from within and ab-

sorbed from without, the more there is of life. Thus, the more animal men are, the sooner do they exhaust their resources of education. To come full circle, the intellectual, the æsthetical, the ethical, must all be fully unfolded, which, even in the highest men of the wisest communities, they are yet very far from being. Only those men and nations that have, together with and by help of intellectual power, evolved and adopted great moral truths, expand and advance indefinitely. Thence, nations not Christian run their career quicker, or petrify into cold sterility.

To illustrate these views:—

The Assyrian and Persian empires were huge, spongy trunks, that overshadowed ancient Asia with oriental pomp of foliage; but not having their roots in the organic soil of deep human wants, after brief and barren predominance in barbaric despotism, they fell, having lived without intellectual or spiritual reproductiveness, and having therefore died without embalming their life in any written or plastic monument, to be an enduring memorial and an enlivening light to those who came after them.

Not so their neighbors the Greeks. They were full of the pith and marrow of strong humanity. With multiplex vigor they unfolded themselves into rich proportions. The Greeks inaugurated

plastic beauty on our globe. For this alone they were immortal; and an act so great involves other great acts: for the creation of beauty implies depths already sounded and previous high achievements. To feel and know beauty denotes immense foregone conclusions. In politics, what an advance they made upon Asiatic barbaric despotism! The confederate democracies of Greece, the stimulants, through freedom and rivalry, of culture, were at the same time a token thereof. A confederacy, even so loose as the Grecian, bespeaks much manly stuff and mental ripeness.

Morally and socially, there it was that the Greeks — judged by a genuine Christian standard — were wanting. The present is not the occasion to go into this large theme. Sufficient is it here to cite, as one evidence of their short-coming — and, in estimating the moral *status* of any people, it is always transfixing evidence — the unacknowledged, unappreciated worth of woman. Moreover, so æsthetic as they were, they were but feebly scientific. They laid not their ears steadfastly to the heart of Nature, to hearken to and interpret its mighty beatings.

In seeking causes for the downfall of nations, scholars and historians look too much outwardly and not enough inwardly. Greece fell, because, living alone in the dawn of knowledge, she was

not, and could not be, developed on all sides. Even she, gifted and many-sided as she was, was in her unfolding partial, necessarily partial. Her appetite for knowledge, for new things, whereby she had lifted herself far above all contemporaries, was not and could not be omnivorous. For complete culture, the Greeks were too few, and too isolated, and too young, and Greece was too limited. Man is so vast, so complex, so grand, so infinite, that, to reach the full stature where, by power of universal knowledge, he shall be impregnable, one small people sufficeth not. He needs the confluence of many large peoples; and for his field of action, not the contracted area of one or two states, not even a continent, but many continents—ay, the whole globe!

Therefore, when Greece had borne her imperishable fruit of poetry and art, she withered, and soon was absorbed in the far wider Rome—wider and larger, but doomed like her to fall from like inward limitations and inevitable one-sidedness; after having congregated many divers peoples under one rule—a rule upheld by a framework of digested law, administered with uniformity and intelligence—whereby she laid foundations for the future enlargement of the fabric of civilization, thus performing a great part in the accomplishment of high human destinies.

Meanwhile, long unknown to the Greeks and the Romans, as they had been long unknown to one another, a third people lived and wrought in a sphere different from theirs—a people strong and lofty where they had been weak and unaspiring. The religious conceptions of the Greeks and the Romans had not the clearness and vigor to be independently spiritual; had not life in them to live as pure ideas, to nourish themselves from the immaterial sphere. They needed help of the sensuous: they had to materialize themselves into images. Thence, the multiplication of gods, and the consequent degradation of the religious element in man.—The Hebrews mounted to the conception of the one incorporeal God. Among pagan nations they stand alone and aloft in religious intuition. Amid the wise and great of the earth, their guide, liberator, lawgiver, Moses, rises, an immense, a gigantic man. He, an offspring from their loins, reïmpregnated them with his severe, sublime spirit; so that, in all their aberrations and backslidings, they clung to their God, and, through the spiritual life which this great idea nurtured, gave birth to high, earnest men, like David, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah: and finally, after their return from Babylonish captivity, and after their subjugation by the Romans—after their complete humiliation—they

gave birth to JESUS, whose sublime, simple teaching confirmed, while it purified and widened, the Hebrew conception of Deity, combining therewith an exalted conception of man, his destiny and duties—a conception so new and grand, that it far exceeded the grasp of his contemporaries. They rejected it, and reviled, scourged, and crucified the Teacher. And to-day, of the two hundred millions who draw from him their name and their spiritual life, he is still rejected, he is unconsciously recrucified, by all who revile Socialism; for, by the essence of his doctrine, which proclaims the possible grandeur and purity of man, which exhorts to brotherly love, which demands absolute justice, he is the first and greatest of socialists. Socialism is the outcome of Christianity—ay, and the outcome at a mature period, when Christian sensibility is, at last, married to and guided by intellect. Socialism is scientific Christianity.

I have said that the teaching of Jesus was too grand and new to be grasped by his contemporaries. Mankind had already been enriched by the diverse development, in thought, aspiration, and deed, of three remarkable nations, each one from innate impulses independently stretching up into a special field of culture and action. Each had completed its limited circle; each had expended

its resources. Neither was comprehensive and exhaustive enough to embrace and reinvigorate the others. Each had ceased to learn; the mind of each had been closed against new things: therefore each had in it the seed of death. Each was sinking, incapable of further fruitfulness, when the words of Jesus, sounding from heights of human capability far above any that had yet been reached, issuing from a soul deeper than had ever yet hoped or sighed, touched first the hearts of the lowly and unsophisticated, ushered a new era, and opened a career broad and rich enough to stimulate and satisfy wants wiser and more human than were before him ever felt by Greek, Roman, or Jew.

The voices of their wisest had hitherto been personal, partial, national; or, when compassing general truths, not those of the widest moral and religious import. Freighted with the universal, the absolute, the impersonal, the highest human, were the utterances of Jesus. Therefore they could not at first be appreciated and understood, even by those who strove gratefully to make them the law of their life. Too vast was their weight, that it should be at once lifted by the unpractised; too immense their purport, that in its full volume it should flow into unripened hearts. Nay, they are not yet appreciated and understood—and will

not be fully so, until from words they become life. Life they can not become, until, through their deep, pervasive influence, seconded by and knit to the diffused and improved intellectual power of man, social relations shall be peaceably but organically changed.

But the breeds of men among whom these deep words fell, or were soon spread, having in them the latent capacity of ascension, caught at this revelation of truths, to them so laden with consolation, and renovation, and promise. For, spiritually short-sighted as they were, and stumbling in hereditary ignorance, they were yet not so paralyzed and exhausted, but that appetite for moral nourishment could be awakened, and with it yearnings for, and dim presentiments of, better things. And so, from age to age, the holy light in those warm, everlasting truths shone more and more widely upon the hearts of men: at first, melting them into oneness of hope, and destined, in the climax of their fulfilment, to enfold them in the great unity of love, faith, and justice.

The greatest newness the world has ever seen was the teaching of Jesus. It was so, because the truths it conveyed were the amplest, and for man the most momentous. It carried men up from the animal, the expedient, the finite, into the sphere of the moral, the absolute, the infinite.

From this elevation it embraced wider fields of life than had been yet beheld. The higher the elevation, the more diversified as well as the more beneficent is the range of action. To give to individual sufferers, is humane and dutiful; yet, what a meagre, short-coming service it is in comparison to the planting of principles that shall so advance the general weal as to forestall individual suffering. If to help one man be a good, what a thousand-fold goodness to put a thousand men in the way of helping themselves! The excellence of deeds and principles is in their generosity: that is the best which gives the most to the most men. The domestic affections, sweet, and holy, and imperative as they are, run but short distances. You can not diversify and enlarge them: by the finiteness of their nature, they play in a small, fixed circle. But when, from family affections, you expand to *broad*, human, Christian affections, what an upraising and extension of your field!—ay, and from that field what hallowing beams are shed down upon the smaller circle! Instead of a score or two, your love, through wise previsions and generous institutions, may warm and exalt millions. To reveal to man—and this is the great revelation of Jesus—that there are in him aptitudes thus to elevate

and to be elevated, that was an unexampled novelty, the parent of infinite novelties.

Having infused fresh life into the loose, massive fragments of the falling Roman state, the Christian spirit was braced to meet and to bemaster the populous hordes of stout barbarians, that, pouring in from the rugged North, enveloped the Western empire. It bemastered them, because they were susceptible of and capable of, high things, these stalwart multitudes. These Goths, these Suevi, these Franks, these Burgundians, these Longobardi, these new men, had big brains as well as big muscles. With their wild sylvan strength, clasping and crushing the magnificent wreck of Roman power, they were in turn subdued by the mild spiritual strength of the new faith that had raised from the dead the corrupting body of paganism. From the marriage—solemnized by Providence—between these two strengths, were born the great modern nations, Italy, and Germany, and Spain, and France, and England. These, so fathered and so mothered, grew apace, by the evolution of new thoughts and new feelings—by the conquest of new forces and domains of Nature.

The nervous germs within them unfolded themselves into high and beautiful achievements. Wider grew the scope of humanity's great func-

tion—work, with brain and hand. More vigorously and more cunningly than men had yet done, they co-worked with God. Deep intuitions of divine laws opened new volumes of knowledge. Great men revealed new great truths. Under the adventurous tillage of Roger Bacon, Leonardo da Vinci, Paracelsus, and their associates, sprouted the seed of experimental science and modern mechanics. The precursor of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton, Copernicus, shattered, with one great thought, the hoary fabric of ancient astronomy, and launched the earth on its orbit. The fiery genius of Dante sent forth a terrific musical wail, to be followed three centuries later by the joyfuller mightier music of Shakespeare. Freshly sprung from a new inspiration, plastic beauty reappeared on earth on the canvass of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, of Raphael and Rubens, and in the majestic handiwork of Gothic architects. Bold, new words for larger liberty were shouted by Wickliff and Huss, to be reverberated two generations later with earth-shaking power through the Titanic voice of Martin Luther. Christendom, more and more illuminated by light struck from the contact of genius with Nature, fortified and amplified itself, by the generation and accumulation and diffusion of new knowledge.

Covering the whole of Europe were many strong, divers, white peoples, bound into one by the bonds of faith, and over whom science had begun to weave her adamantine network. But Europe, with her old neighbors, Asia and Africa, was not enough. For its full swing humanity needs the whole globe. All its continents and oceans, with their treasures and powers, were given to man, to be by him possessed and mastered, and used, by whosoever knows how to use them. When mankind is ripe for a revelation, the man is there to make it; as though within one nervous mind, were providentially condensed into a clear vivid flash, the dim thoughts and needs of multitudes.

In the history of the race, I know not a sublimer moment than that which to the ear of the prophetic Columbus—far out in his little vessel, on the dark, mysterious, tempestuous, unvisited ocean, surrounded by obtuse, unbelieving, mutinous comrades, himself alone, through the intuitions of his genius, confident and hopeful—the moment that brought to his long-baffled ear the cry of "Land—land!" Here was another stupendous newness. A new world, with new climates, new products, to be the home of new, Christian states; a new stimulus given to European thought and action, a new field for enter-

prise and expansion. Men need space and grandeur. The telescope which grasps by magnifying the distant planets, brings magnification to the mind. The first ship that encircled the globe widened the circle of human thought and imagination. The discovery of America instantly enlarged and vivified Europe.

From the nations, the which, lying on the sea, were the most familiar with its grand uses, sailed forth many bold companies; some for gold, some for adventure, some for dominion, some for change, some for liberty. Now mark; of all, only they have thriven, who brought to the new world new thoughts and new aspirations. Was this vast, affluent continent—outspread from pole to pole, embraced by the two great oceans of the globe—was this magnificent abode for man, held back so long from the knowledge of God's most gifted races, hidden behind the thick curtain of time until Europe was heaving and sparkling with new life, to be at that pregnant hour disclosed, that it might be but a larger field for the transplanting and reproducing of the old and rotting? The ways of Providence are upward and onward, not sideward and backward.

Where and what are they, who dragged across the ocean the old chains of servitude; who in the ordering of their affairs, political and reli-

gious, obeyed the old custom and the old will of Europe; who kept their minds tethered to Popes, and their bodies to Kings? Where are the French colonies in America? Swept away or absorbed. What are the Spanish and Portuguese colonies? Puny, rickety states, without power, without honor among nations; except one, in name republics, but ruled by irresponsible, sordid, godless priests, and coarse, selfish soldiers.

And where are they who, leaving behind them the old authority in state and church, founded themselves on new liberating principles and new cleaner practices, the tokens of a new manhood; who, as they quitted the shores of Europe, scowled back upon her Kings and her Popes? What are they? They are a mighty power on the earth, and a new power, and mighty from its newness, the newness of political self-government and religious self-government—an immense twofold newness—in the eyes of the princes and priests of Europe (and of some priests here) a fearful, a hateful, a hell-engendered newness.

We are strong by our newness—the newness of our principles and our institutions; we are young by this newness (in date of years Mexico is younger than we, and Brazil; but in act and thought, in institutions and hopes, they are old); we are young by our newness; we are prosperous

by our newness; we are free by our newness. Had we too clung to the old, we should be neither great nor free. But now, in contrast with dim, old Europe, and dimmer, old America, we shine with a lustre which the whole world is obliged to gaze at, towering as we do above the nations in our glittering newness.

Through manifold newness, we have in us more life than any other people that is or that has been. For not only is the rich new, that from innate vigor we have created, ours; but whatever is great and good in the past, in the old, is especially ours. And it is ours, because, what of the old has soul in it to keep itself new, only they can assimilate and profit by, who have within themselves the soul to generate a like new good? For only the good is kindred of the good, and thus feels and comprehends it. Moses and Socrates and Paul would rejoice with exceeding joy in our modern newness; and only they who since them have begotten great newness, can fully discern and value theirs. The beauty of the Greeks is ours. Does it belong in anything like the same degree to Mexico or Peru? The vigorous practical thought of old Rome is ours. What people profits as we do by the great invention by Güttemberg of types? We thus profit thereby, because we ourselves have invented the

steamboat, the electric telegraph, and cheap newspapers. By the digestive nutritive power there is in the new, we absorb into ourselves the virtue of the past. Wherever in history there is a great deed or a great thought, we get knowledge of it and make it ours. From the old we cull the grain, leaving the husk to King's and Popes, and their victims. They hug the old, and let the old hug them, chaining themselves thereto. We have shaken off its embrace, have snapped its chains; and, by this our strength and freedom, we master the old better than they do. They are possessed by it; we possess it. The old will only render up its beauty to those to whom is revealed the beauty of the new.* To look back and behold what is worth seeing behind you, you must be high enough to look forward. We stand on an eminence that has been gradually heaped up of all the truths, all the discoveries, all the inventions, that have been successively disclosed in all the past life of mankind—an eminence, whereon, as they rise out of the

* Where, in Christendom, the new is most repelled and persecuted, there the soul of the old is least translucent. Thence, less brotherly love, less justice, less tolerance, less of the high humanity of Jesus, in Rome than elsewhere; verifying an old catholic saying, "The nearer to Rome, the farther from God."

boundless being of God, the beams from the suns of new truths first strike.

Shall we, can we be stationary on this eminence? Is time, hitherto so prolific, to be henceforth barren? Have the great principles we have planted, borne their best fruit? Is our freedom absolute, or is it only relative? Are not our highest faculties and desires still hampered and circumscribed and baffled? Are there no discords to be harmonized, no hostilities to be pacified? Are the sweet pure buds of childhood for ever to bloom, only to be gnawed by the worms of suffering and sin? Is the deep warm heart of man content with this cold, false, fragmentary life we all lead? Is the earthly condition of man completed? Are the seeds of new truths all spent? Is the granary of God exhausted? The sublime supplication, that goes up daily from universal Christendom—"Thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"—is this empty rhetoric? Has the Divine Martyr mocked us for eighteen centuries, putting into our mouths a prayer that is never to be fulfilled?

Answers to these questions, I shall endeavor to give, in the two following Parts.

PART II.

ANALYSIS — THE ACTUAL.

ALL living things are formed from within. A deep innate life gives the impulse to every growth. By the nature and degree of this inward, creative force, are predetermined the outward form and characteristics. Of each blade of grass, the whole quality is ordained in the germ. The blade is the expansion, the fulfilment of the germ. The colt that crops the blade, has likewise his central life-dispensing master, that governs his shape and his minutest motions; that sends him at a preappointed stage of his growth, from the dugs of his mother to draw food from the pasturage beneath his feet. Primary in every being is this, its interior life, original endowment, and specific destination. Herein is its essence.

For the swelling of this life, for the fertilizing of this inborn endowment, outward substances and agencies are indispensible. These are the secondary constituents of every being. The

blade of grass must have earth, air, water, sunshine. On these outward things its inward life feeds: without them the germ could not grow. On the quantity and quality of these, depends the healthful unfolding of the germ. The primary power must, by fitting secondary agents, be fed and fortified.

On the concord and unobstructed co-operation of these two, depends the accomplishment of Nature's purpose in each of her myriad forms of life.

To have body, to be incarnated, in whatever shape, involves relations with other bodies and activities, and dependence upon them. The higher the being, the more numerous, various and subtle are its relations and dependencies. These are few and simple for the plant, rooted to the earth. The nobler organization of the animal is at once declared by the privilege of motion, and the consequent multiplication and complication of relations. With motion come sensation and intellect, further enlarging and complicating the animal life, the which, ascending through many degrees, reaches its maximum of enlargement and diversity in man.

When, through culture and science, men have attained to a rich development of many of their inherent powers, have established countless rela-

tions and interests, that have been gradually woven for the satisfaction and multiplication of animal, sensuous, intellectual, sentimental wants, each man is then become a luminous centre of radiation and absorption, darting forth rays, that are fiery and fertilizing, according to the intensity of the central heat; and each man, at the same time that he emits, receives copiously into himself from without, thereby to busy, freshen, strengthen, and polish his inborn capacities.

Thus, a radical law of man's being—a law than which there is none more absolute and comprehensive—is, that he give and take. By nature he is at once a dispenser and a recipient; and the more he dispenses and receives, the higher is his condition, the greater his efficiency as man. According to his power of giving, is his rank as man; and his power of giving, if not scrupulously measured by, is greatly increased by and is mainly dependent on, his power of receiving and the amount he receives; except in the case of genius, where, the primary force being so overflowing, the balance is not accurately preserved.

Now, that whereupon man can bestow most and whence he can receive most; that wherewith his relations are the most intimate, subtle, wide, bracing; that whereby, through reaction on him,

his deepest capabilities can be best awakened, developed, and disciplined, is his fellow-man. He it is who, by sympathy and co-operation can alone unfold, strengthen, upbear him. Hence, they who have been gifted with intellectual breadth and foresight to define—so far as human wisdom has as yet been able to define—the position of man relatively to man, to give the rule that should govern men in commercial, social, economical, political association, to prescribe for each his rights and his duties—that is, the law-givers of nations, are in universal opinion clothed with a unique dignity and sacredness. To Moses, and Solon, and Numa, and Alfred, are accorded exalted places. They sought for principles which should cover all the contingencies of human society; and these they embodied in general ordinances and provisions. Each of them strove to organize his fellow-countrymen into a social and political whole in a mode fitted to further the good of each, and embrace all in a common bond of interest and equity.

In all countries and ages these predominant legislators have had successors, who have aimed at similar results with similar means. The makers and administrators of laws have ever been and still are everywhere the most prominent class. To be one or the other of these is the highest

goal of worldly ambition. The boldest soldier of modern times, who rose and fell by the sword, coveted the glory of a national lawgiver, and, presiding—with the pretentious charlatanry which was a conspicuous trait of his vulgar nature—over a codifying commission, vainly believed that even his vast military renown was to be eclipsed by his civil performance, and that, with a remote posterity, his chief glory would be the *Code Napoleon*.

To make laws is a tremendous function. To set bounds to the acts of millions of men; to shape in a great measure their very wills; to modify the industry of a whole nation; to hold a *veto* on speech and deed;—this is to wield an awful power, a superhuman power. Ay, it is a superhuman power, the prerogative of Deity, beyond the faculty of men. Hence, even by the purest and wisest who have attempted it, it has been most inadequately exercised. What the profoundest lawgivers ever accomplished fell far short of their purposes and hopes. Laws made of men lack depth. The best of them reach not below the surface of man's nature. They are conditional, not absolute. They come from without and act only on the outside. They are compulsive and arbitrary and cold; not attractive and harmonizing and warm. Being conventional,

they are as self-contradictory as they are shallow. They have nowhere established, and never can establish, justice and brotherhood. They are mostly preventive and negative, not organic, not constructive. Men's laws are prohibitions made valid by force:* God's laws are attractions sustained by freedom. Those nations where there is most freedom, that is, least restraint from men's laws, have been and are the most elevated and prosperous. In proportion as laws are not mere prohibitions and limitations, but are organic, in that degree they have life in them and involve freedom. Thus, trial by jury is a substitution of the warm judgment of living peers, for the cold inflexible fiat of men long deceased. It is a cancelling of old life-killing authority, in favor of new life-giving freedom, and has thus had incalculable influence in emancipating men from the oppressions of man-made law. The same with *habeas corpus*, which is a supreme acknowledgment of the sacredness of the human person, say-

* Laws executed by the sheriff and constable are the action of force against force. When they exist they ought to be obeyed, until, either peaceably, or by the terrible strength of revolution, they are annulled. They have their due place, and in that are healthful and beneficent. But the foremost communities have now reached a point whence they can ascend to a higher organization, where the rule of force, which is the exponent of the lower nature, may, and will be dispensed with.

ing to the state "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Our republican organization is largely constructive and liberating. Its provisions are protests against and annulments of monarchical, aristocratic restrictions and partialities. It has lifted off the weight of much law and left man's natural liberty far less obstructed than in Europe. There, our political system is regarded as a semi-abrogation of government; and in truth self-government points to that abrogation, and, when perfected, leads thereto.

The true democratic principle is, to govern as little as may be, leaving every man to himself and his natural liberty; and this is a great advance on the practice of meddling monarchies, implying a fuller development of the higher human, an ascent in the scale of humanity, an ascent pre-denoting and preparing a further ascent. Our polity allows a wide scope of action and freedom; but there it necessarily stops. Its agency is at best protective, not creative. It can not demand of a man, or help him to, the fulfilment of his natural destination. It leaves him free to do good to himself and others, but also free to do much evil, or nothing. It can by no ingenuity reach his whole conduct; and well is it that it can not. He may here, as in law-ridden Europe,

keeping within the law, be a drone or a knave, an impostor or an oppressor, as mercenary as Judas, or as selfish as Saul. He may never violate the constitution or laws of the United States, or of any one of these, and still be a useless citizen, a perverse or inefficient man.

In the lower more animal stages of human existence, there is not intellectual grasp enough for the generalization which law implies. Lawgivers have only appeared among the higher types, and when these had ascended in culture. They aimed to embody the general will in compact formulas. It was the aggregate force against the individual force. Human laws imply resistance and opposition, and the need and power to overcome the same. The higher men are, the less will they bear outward control. Hence our comparative liberation from such control. Hence, our laws concern chiefly property and not persons, except for the protection of persons against assault or curtailment of liberty. Human ordinance has here done its best. It has given us the maximum of exemption from human interference. Men are here largely liberated from the will of other men. This is a strong vantage-ground, up to which humanity has climbed by arduous struggles, by mastery of many of Nature's powers,

and by an overgrowing self-mastery and faculty of self-direction.*

Now, man's higher nature—whose gain of power and promise of predominance are disclosed by the achievement of free political institutions—his higher nature, emancipating him more and more from the action of man-made law, and at the same time moving him, through its largely human and unifying desires, to crave deeper fellowship and co-operative union, finds its desires baffled, its expansiveness checked in a social

* Where laws are least restrictive, there public opinion is strongest. Men are there more susceptible to the general unlegalized will and sentiment; such will and sentiment being, through freedom, more pervasive and masculine. The weaker the bond of legislative enactment, and administrative force, the stronger the bond of social, of voluntary allegiance. The power of public opinion is greater in England than in France or Germany, and in the United States than in England. The stronger, wider sway of usage and fashion in England and America is hereby accounted for. Where civilized men, living in close contact, possess large political freedom; and where, consequently, their energies having freer play than under strong governments, their industrial, practical, and scientific capabilities are more developed, there is woven a multiplex network of intimate relations. The less men are responsible to state-power, the more they are so to one another. People can not be brought compactly together without lively reciprocal action and re-action and incessant interdependence; and this reciprocity is encouraged and enlivened by the liberality and unprohibitive character of the political institutions.

state, resting on foundations that were laid for the purpose of forming an artificial barrier against the irruptions of the lower self-seeking nature—a state, the which, while it curbs abuses of the less elevated impulses, still affords no large field for the play of the higher.*

Humanity has outgrown civil rule and mere municipal organization. It demands another kind of order than that which "reigns at Warsaw:" it prays for a higher order than which reigns at Washington. Through increase of knowledge, it has become too large and deep and life-swollen, that the short-sighted ordinations of men should suffice it. Men can no longer rule man. In our blessed country, more than has ever yet been done, we rule ourselves; and we must look into ourselves, our inmost selves, for the perfecting of this rule. With the calmness of maturity, with the confidence of achieved knowledge, with the faith of trustful Christian men, we should search for the sublime all-sufficing laws, written

* He who thinks, that men will always need force to keep them in peaceful (!) association, thinks so, because he looks upon man as only the highest of carnivorous animals. The weakened estimation in this country, of the wisdom of man-made law, is not a bad, but a good sign. It points, not at all to anarchy, but to higher order. It proves the sharpening of moral insight—an effect of our emancipated condition; emancipated relatively, but still much under the thrall of our lower nature.

on our brains by the hand of God. Coiled up in the core of our being are the prolific powers, the which, fully unrolled, shall encircle us in the ennobling folds of beauty, the fervent bonds of love.

In what way can we best profit plants and animal creatures? How else than by placing them where their primary innate qualities and functions shall be in the most harmonious, healthful relations to the secondary agencies designed by Nature to unfold and perfect them. The best we can do for them is, to find out the conditions ingenital in each genus and species, the properties and laws wherewith each is equipped for the fulfilment of its ordained life, for its flowering and its fruit-bearing, for its growth and its ripeness. Similarly, but incalculably more deeply and richly equipped, is man; and it is laid on him who would be a good guide, to find out these God-given laws in man. He must be the discoverer of laws, not the inventor. It is not given to man to invent laws. Machinery for carrying into effect, for bringing into practical bearing the laws of Nature, is the most that he can invent. All governments, constitutions, edicts, are attempts at such machinery—hitherto more or less clumsy and costly, and often fettering instead of assisting Nature. Man can no more initiate laws for human gov-

ernment than he can for animal or vegetable government, for the fattening of sheep or the fostering of barley. Here, as everywhere, his highest possible intellectual feat is, to discern the laws of Nature, and then direct and promote their execution. His function is executive and administrative, not legislative. What we call and obey as laws, are merely conventional expedients, temporary institutions, for carrying into effect the supposed designs of Providence. All lawgivers have legislated on some theory of human nature, according to preconceptions each had of the capacity and destiny of man. These preconceptions being, in the earlier stages of human development, one-sided and limited, and in much counter to nature, they all differed, and they accomplished but partially their ends of unity and harmony. But science is one and absolute; wherever that is reached, there are no differences. Science embraces finally all topics. But preceding its light arrive its shadows, that is, darkness partially illuminated. Before science — which is God's truth, truth stable, inviolable, discovered by man — come guesses at truth, hypotheses, fancies, human inventions, denoting tendencies toward truth, longings for it, dim presentiments and perceptions of it. Thus, before chemistry, came alchemy; before physic, magic; before astronomy, astrology;

and before the true science of mind and life we have had, and still have in a moribund state, the fancies, inventions, and "vain imaginations" of metaphysics and of theologies, that never have solved and never will solve a single problem* of life.

To front the great questions that are accumulating upon us, urgent for answer, and which must be answered, we need the science of sciences, that of human society—not built of subjective theories and crude aspirations, materials which genuine science rejects—but resting on the firm, positive foundations of man's whole nature, and reared by the light of knowledge, furnished from his past and present condition and practice. The deep-seated evils† of our social system—evils that under the present organization of society grow and must grow with the growth of industry and wealth—the pauperism and the vice, the falsehood and the fraud, the littlenesses and the knaveries, the antagonisms and the partialities —we can no more cure by legislation and theol-

* The theologian and the metaphysician do not subordinate themselves to the Creator; they presumptuously aim to rival him, to create (or rather to imagine) what the mind is and what God wills; instead of conscientiously seeking for both by means of the combined action of sensibility and scientific method.

† Evil is not absolute. Evil is incompleteness, one-sidedness, disobedience, dislocation, mislocation. Unripe fruit is un-

ogy, than we can make the earth fruitful by natural magic, or navigate the ocean by astrology. For this vast work a new discovery is needed.

Law-making has nearly played out its part, a part necessary and productive in the immaturity of mankind. In the larger half of Christendom, laws are now more destructive than protective. They have exhausted themselves. But humanity is not exhausted. In order that its advanced divisions relapse not into the coarse clasp of force, it seeks and must find a deeper rule, under the which what is highest in it and noblest be more thoroughly and widely unfolded, and be durably enthroned, to preside over all human transactions. As the savage is surrounded by physical treasures, the barbarian by scientific and mechanical, by them unknown and even unsuspected, so the civilized man is encompassed by spiritual and moral treasures, by social possibilities, to him as yet undivulged. Nature has in store untold gifts, richer than any she has bestowed.

Now, to rise, to thrive, so as to grasp these treasures, to make these possibilities daily facts,

wholesome because it is unripe, because it is not finished. Its innate capacity of becoming good is frustrated by its being plucked prematurely. The capacity for pure good, which exists in all our original feelings, can not now ripen. These, from being thwarted, diverted, constrained, suppressed, turn often into acids and poisons.

to grow worthy of these gifts, and thereby receive them, what need we? We need a soul-possessing belief in high things and in deep principles; we need faith in God and in man—a faith so strong, that it shall erect a living, broad, human Christianity, in the place of the dying, narrow, theological one; a beaming, practical Christianity, in place of the morose and mystical. And this faith only the socialist has. The socialist is pre-eminently the believer: he believes in good; not in partial or shallow good merely, the good springing from mechanical inventions, physical discoveries, municipal contrivances (valuable as all these are), but in the deep, great good to result from the unfolding of rich manhood. He believes in immense moral, social, æsthetical possibilities for man; he has a conviction of providential beneficence as well as providential power.

He offers methods whereby, through daily, animating, joyous, and therefore productive labor, to fulfil the hopes, to crown the aspirations of the most lofty and trustful natures. His is a deeper effort than has ever yet been made, to supplant wilfulness by law, to reconcile justice and individuality, to resolve into one active harmony all divers discords. Adjusting the lever of knowledge on the fulcrum of faith—whereby faith becomes more solid and elastic, and knowledge

more potent and searching—he aims to lift humanity out of the foulnesses of sensualism, into the clear atmosphere of untainted action, into the upper fields of fearless freedom.

Traduced and reviled the socialist must needs be: his path must traverse the deserts of scorn and anger. It is the lot of reformers and prophets to be slandered and crucified. Benefactors are liable to be treated as malefactors. Ignorance will throw mud at Knowledge. Bigotry stands ever ready to stone Independence. But with the birth of great truths is born a parental strength for their protection. They who give them to the light, become suddenly endued with a mother's courage to guard their offspring, along with a mother's love and zeal for nurturing and rearing them.

The intuitions of genius are manifestations of the highest power wherewith man is gifted—the power to reveal and make active God's law and beauty. Like the warm, secret impulsions of Nature, working bountifully through soil and air, to cover the earth with beauty and with fruit, these genial intuitions, fertilizing the thought and acts of men, cover humanity with beauty and with fruit.

The steadfastness and resolution of the men chosen to impart great and new truths, in cher-

ishing and proclaiming their convictions, is the genuine conservatism. They are trustees appointed by Providence over the richest property of man — ideas, truths, principles. On their fidelity to this trust depends the widest and the highest weal of humanity. Where were the world now, if, in the presence of Pilate, when the chief-priests and scribes vehemently accused him, Jesus had quailed before a mob of fanatic Jews? If, when kings, and nobles, and priests, flouted and ridiculed Columbus, he, overcome by the universal indifference and scorn, had been faithless to the promise of his genius, the New World had slept for generations longer in the twilight of the red man's semi-consciousness; and the development of Christendom had been indefinitely delayed from the want of expansion in the physical field of human enterprise, and the limitations caused by ignorance of the terrestrial and oceanic grandeurs of our globe.*

* A great discovery or invention carries in its heart such power and command to create new relations, and to modify old ones, that even the most friendly and far-sighted can foresee but a part of the effects that are to flow from its diffusion. Moreover, words can but faintly picture things and practices which none have ever seen. Before Fulton had exhibited his boat in motion against wind and tide, how many believed him? Faust and Guttemberg themselves could not foretell a tithe of the consequences of their invention. One man of that day seems to have stood alone in far-sightedness — the bishop of London

Into space, far beyond the horizon of his age, the genius of one bold man stretched, and beheld, what to all others was invisible, a great continent lying behind the veil of waters. Behind the veil of time there sleeps a new moral and social world, the existence of which was as palpable to the intuition of Fourier, a moral Columbus, as was the new continental world to the creative vision of the Genoese. To this shining world, sought for and hoped for through long ages by trustful, earnest natures, the path has been pointed by this vilified Frenchman, whose great thought, stimulated by disgust for fraud and by love of justice, discovered that the law of attraction, discerned by Newton to rule the planetary sphere, is likewise the preordained rule of the social sphere; and demonstrated that, under the full sway of this law—the force of which has always been partially recognised—human relations may be so ordered, that, where there is now antagonism, there shall be co-operation; where lethargy, vivacity; where pauperism, plenty; where vice, purity; where contention, union; where feebleness, strength.

(Romish, it being in the fifteenth century)—who, on hearing of the new invention, exclaimed: "Ha! if we can't crush that, it will crush us!" Types are gaining on priesthood, and in the end will accomplish the bishop's prediction.

Truths have to bide their time. Discoveries and inventions that are premature, lacking the sunshine of sympathy, come slowly to ripeness. The more broad and generative they are, the longer mostly they have to wait for recognition. Consider the history of the Christian truths. The knights of old Rome wore each on his finger a printing-press in the form of a ring, such as is used now for the same purpose of stamping a word, or letter, or image, on melted wax. But not till the fifteenth century was the European mind sufficiently awakened to seize this hint and jump to the invention of types, whereby to multiply at will the written page.

The origin of great discoveries is simple, and apparently often accidental. Nature does her beautiful and mighty work in our sight: it is for us, greatly endowed with intellect and capacity of freedom, to learn from her open lesson, tracing a fact to its cause, a phenomenon to its law. The first thought of the possible power of steam is said to have germinated from seeing the lid rise of a boiling tea-kettle. In the fall of an apple flashed on the laboring mind of Newton the law of gravitation. A French boy was punished one day by his parents (who were traders in cloth in the town of Besançon) for having in the shop told the truth. The upright nature and clear intelli-

gence of the boy was revolted by what seemed to him, and was, a monstrous act. Child as he was, he made a vow against commerce; and this small incident gave the impulse which moved his adult mind to seek for the means of introducing truth and loyalty into commercial relations—which search led to the discovery of the law destined to harmonize and elevate all human relations. In the vicissitudes of the French Revolution of 1793, he lost his small patrimony, while yet a young man, and thenceforward maintained himself chiefly as a commercial or exchange agent—having refused a good public employment, the offer of which his ability had drawn to him, in order that he might keep freedom and leisure enough to pursue his high studies.

Starting from the religious conviction, that all the powers of man, his feelings and his intellectual capacities, were by the Creator designed to co-work harmoniously, joyfully, and efficiently, for the full satisfaction of man's whole nature, and that men might in exercise of all these their inborn powers co-operate together zealously and peacefully and successfully to the end of general contentment and manifold happiness; his life's aim was, to discover the method whereby this beneficent divine will might be fulfilled on earth, and the great wrongs and discords of human life

effaced. Uniting rich consciousness and intuitions with the keen observation of the practical analytical intellect of a man who earned his daily bread by daily work, he wrought out within himself the lofty belief, that in the human constitution is the spring to lift mankind out of the conflicts, the frauds, the oppressions, which now in the best societies depress and demoralize it. He discerned and felt the right—the God-derived right—of men to the healthful possession and enjoyment of their whole life; and through the truth of his sympathies, and the reach of his intelligence, by meditation and observation, he discovered the means of making valid this great human right. Living in retirement and poverty, he dedicated his being to the accomplishment of his high aims—aims as high and noble as were ever followed by man. While he lived, his profound writings were neglected, and himself was unrecognised, save by a few zealous disciples, and in 1837, at the age of 65, he was found one morning, in his humble lodgings in Paris, dead on his knees by his bedside.

Such were the life and purposes of the great French socialist, Charles Fourier. Let no man pronounce his conclusions visionary, who has not long meditated on the mighty theme of human capabilities and human destiny, in the same

thoughtful earnest spirit which presided over his life-long labors.

To propose a new condition implies discontent with the existing condition. They who long for and work for a new order of society, thereby condemn the present. For that condemnation they are bound to show cause. They must justify their discontent. Desiring a change, and wishing, in order to effect it, to make others share this desire, their first logical step is, to state wherefore they ask a change. Moreover, the new order they propose, while it is to be a substitute for the actual, must at the same time be a growth out of it. The actual must therefore be thoroughly comprehended, as well in order to judge of the pretensions of that which is offered as its substitute, as to weigh its own deficiencies. Let us then attempt, first, briefly to obtain a clear view of what and where we now are morally and socially.

All civilized men, except an abject few, have moments of purity, when, purged of habitual egotism and sensualism, they are possessed by strongly human, genuinely religious sentiment,* lifted for the time into the large sphere of the

* Religion is the unifying emotion. It would bind all into one. It subjects by sentiment to law, just as reason does by logic.

universal, the essentially Christian — moments of tranquil exaltation, with the intellectual strength braced — as it always is — by the bracing of the moral tone. Let each man in such a moment solemnly pause to gather up his consciousness into its strongest focus, so that its light fall calm and searching on the path he has traversed, and on the ground whereon he stands. I now address myself especially to those who have reached that middle stage of their earthly journey, where the past has by its length gained importance for itself, while it gives earnestness to thoughts of the future. In such moments of rare insight and impartiality whoever shall scrutinize his life will sadden in the scrutiny. To most, the past will seem a waste, of hopes blighted, of plans frustrated, of desires humbled; the present will look cold and suspicious, the future, threatening, wintry.

The substance of life is action; and action is lively and productive, according to the complexity and multiplicity of the relations among men. Now, in these relations how much is there of dissimulation, hypocrisy, falsehood, injustice, cruelty, baseness. Look boldly around you, bravely into yourselves. It is a question, not of individuals, but of social principles. Does not our commercial system, our social system, our politi-

cal system, ay, and our religious system, set man against man, neighbôr against neighbor, brother against brother? Be just: love your neighbor as yourself. These great precepts, concentrating in seven words the whole law of human relationship, have been taught for hundreds of years. In vain; with our present organization, they are utterly impracticable. We can not now be just: we can not love our neighbors as ourselves. As well bind a man's arms to his flanks and bid him swim. We are socially pinioned. Our inward motions are mostly misdirected, perverted, or crushed; and thence, wanting equable healthy play, it is only by forced spasmodic efforts that we can morally keep our heads above water.

Through the very unity of their nature, through the momentum of common sympathies, men are swept on in one current by the irresistible tides of circumstance. A few, by almost superhuman force of will, integrity, and self-appreciation, may partially withstand the stream of general tendency, and hold themselves aloof and isolated, shorn by that isolation of the influence to which their superiority entitles them; but ninety-nine out of a hundred are borne along pell-mell will-weakened on the turbid flood, where each one, paddling his own little canoe, is for ever in fear of being run into and sunk. In present Christen-

dom every man is under the sway of the most demoralizing of feelings, fear; fear of not getting his share, fear of the law, fear of his neighbor, fear of injustice, fear of accident, fear of disease, fear of failure, fear of poverty, fear of starvation. Like the French soldiers in the retreat from Moscow, we are demoralized by fear; and like them, are all with reckless egotism quarreling for places by the fire, for raiment, for food. The most tender-hearted can not escape wounding his fellow-men; the most generous and true can not keep their hands clean of partiality, their tongues of falsehood. No man can pass through life without enduring wrong. Many endure much wrong; and to many, wrong counts largest in their sum of life.

Everywhere there is antagonism, conflict, engendering, and formenting hates, fear, envies, assumptions, submissions. Antagonism between classes, antagonism between individuals, antagonism between public and private interests. Men are attached to and dependent on interests, not interests on men. Thence, men and classes are pitted one against the other; the tenant against the landlord, the retail dealer against the wholesale, servants against masters, capital against labor, the poor against the rich, the buyer against the seller. The lawyer, however peaceful by na-

ture, fattens on discords among his brethren;* the physician, the most humane, is tempted by the wants of his family to hope for a large crop of fevers; the builder will not weep over a conflagration that gives work to his idle journeymen; a storm that pours shattering hail on the conservatories of the nurseryman is a godsend for the glazier. So misjointed is our present frame of society, that often what profits one man or class of men harms another. What is one man's meat is literally another man's poison. Concord is permanent nowhere, discord *is* permanent everywhere. Whatever a man's condition or vocation, he is confronted by a hostile opposite; the just by injustice, the refined by coarseness, the timid by effrontery, the poor by pursepride, the upstruggling by jealousy, the warm by coldness, the generous by deceit, the prosperous by envy, the high by meanness, the low by haughtiness.

The development of industry and science creates not content and enjoyment, but only the means thereto, which we yet know not how to use. And more than this;—the higher the civilization,

* Large classes of men are incessantly at work, skimming off the scum from the surface of society. But the scum rises faster and faster for all their skimming. The most that the skimmers can do is, to keep the vast caldron from boiling over—while they fatten on the scum.

through science and industry, the greater the misery of the masses. In industrious France there is more suffering than in lazy Spain, more in scientific Germany than in languid Italy, more in busy Belgium than in semi-barbarous Russia, more in energetic England than in torpid Turkey. Not only is suffering a fruit of civilization, but immorality is so likewise. The great centres of civilization are the centres of vice and depravity. Look into Paris and London, and contrast their immoralities, rank to putridity, with the comparatively pure moral air of the less enlightened rural districts. Or go no farther than Boston or Philadelphia, or New York, in which latter city there are five thousand vagrant children. This concurrent growth of sin and civilization is an appalling phenomenon, a fearful anomaly, the which, to all but the socialist—with his deep faith in man grounded on scientific convictions—is puzzling and disheartening. Who can bring order into this bubbling disorder? Can the Legislator do it? He has been trying for how many centuries. Can the priest? He too has been at work thousands of years. Can the judge? Who can count the number of his decisions and say when they shall be less? Can any one of them or all together reach the roots of the many-sided evil and tear them out? Is there a

thinking upright occupant of any of these high places who believes, that he can master the field, and say to suffering, moral, and physical — cease? All known methods are convicted of falling short. Does any father hope for his son in the next generation less temptation to err, fewer obstacles to moral health, fewer stimulants of selfishness, a purer medium for his life, than he himself has lived in? Not one has such a hope, not one; save only the socialist.

Let us endeavor to get nearer to the core of the universal ill, and by examples make directly palpable the hollowness and falsehood of our present life. For this, I will not now dwell on vice and poverty, the which fill Christendom with ceaseless moan; nor on the systematic universal impostures, oppressions, and cruelties; nor on the pauperism and destitution and degradation of millions; nor on the profligate squandering of life's jewels, health and conscience and peace; nor on the reeking abominations of large cities, where wickedness piles itself up into mountains, that shadow the domes of the tallest temples. I will now cite only the prosperous, the loyal, the pure.

Question then first the inward life of the prosperous, the most favored of fortune, of that chosen few, to whom accident or native energy

has given wealth; that few who, on account of their lands and dividends, and the fine houses and equipages these bring, are envied by the many, the educated many as well as the uneducated; for, gainsay it who will, all men desire these things, though now few can obtain them. And he who has them, what is his state? Hugging his gold as the most precious of treasures, which all around begrudge him and many are on the watch to clutch from his grasp whenever they can, he arrays himself defensively against his fellows: he stands beside his strong box an armed soldier guarding a citadel. It is his citadel; it contains what he prizes most, and is ever besieged by a greedy multitude. And standing and frowning there, he grows narrow and cold and hard and suspicious. His sympathies wither within him. Rays that should beam outward in heat and light to others, are turned inward on himself to consume him with feverish anxieties, burning up the more nourishing fuel of his nature. The gold-heap, round which his day-thoughts and his nights-thoughts and his sabbath-thoughts have clustered so long, so intently, has absorbed his best essence, has sucked up his sweet juices. There is no longer love in him, nor justice, and even the last stronghold of manhood, the domestic affections, is sapped, and for gold he will sell his child. He

is no more master of his money; his money is master of him. It tells him what he shall do. It whispers in his ear when he would pray, and stifles his prayer. And this frightful demoralization—which, though not universal to the degree I have depicted it, is universal in kind—is the fault neither of the man nor the money; it comes from cramping, torturing the function of both in a false, narrow, social organization. Through this, man is sickly and misshapen; and wealth, the vigorous child of labor and intellect and forecast, in whose creation the sun and air and divine influences ceaselessly work—wealth, without which there can be no permanent human good—through the one-sided ordering of human relations, wealth, far from shedding general warmth upon men, is masked behind cold clouds of fear and selfishness, through which, like the sun through chill vapors, it looks beamless, threatening; and instead of being an unmixed blessing, breeds everywhere, by the side of its good, idleness and sensuality and vice and egotism.

Look we into another rank; for, murmur as we will, we too, democrats though we be, have many ranks among us, from the millionaire to the pauper, from the scholar to the clown; and ranks graduated for the most part on so shallow a principle, that often the noble has to look up to the

ignoble, honesty is browbeaten by knavery, the upright finds himself in the social scale below the infamous, and even knowledge is at times trampled on by ignorance.

I summon now an example from that vast body of workers, of whom each one works in a specific field, limiting himself to that, and bringing thereto skill learned by long apprenticeship, a skill dependent on acquaintance with Nature's forces and laws — that various numerous class whose labors, combining handicraft with intellect, build our houses and our cities, and then fill them with comforts and ornaments, build our fleets of countless ships, with all their cunning equipments, make our millions of watches as well as our tens of millions of shoes, convert the blank sheet into the printed page, freighting it with knowledge for all latitudes; the importance, variety, solidity, beauty, utility of whose multiform work may all be seen at one view in Crystal Palaces. I summon a skilful, sober, upright mechanic, and I ask him, what harmony is there between his inward consciousness and his outward life; between the efforts and results of long years of endeavor, and the large eager faculties of intellect and sensibility that wake every morning hungry for work? His body is tolerably fed, but his mind is half-starved. How can he, straining his mus-

cular organs from sunrise to sunset, to earn wherewith to replenish their daily strength, appease the strong appetite of those mysterious nervous organs, the which, lying behind his broad forehead, so thirst for knowledge and light, that even by disuse they will not be quenched, but to the end keep gnawing him like a secret disease? How and where can he satisfy the longings that upheave his heart for deeper and wider communion with his fellows? Doomed from year to year to a monotonous routine, does he not feel that his great nature is cheated of its great rights; that, working but part of his innate means—and even that part imperfectly—he does not approach to being the vigorous unit that he might be, but is only the fraction of a man, a fragment of himself? His hard-earned wages, to what do they suffice? To supply to himself and those dear to him the primary animal wants, food, lodging, clothing; little else; and even these in stinted measure, his food being coarse and often adulterated, his lodgings narrow, and often damp and unwholesome. For the culture of his nobler part there is small time and less opportunity. The poetry that is in him, the aptness for scientific or literary attainment, the capacity of infinite expansion in those high faculties of thought and feeling born in him, all this and more must lie

dormant for ever; while often his sense of justice as well as his pride is galled by beholding the shallow and the unworthy (whom accident has uplifted) wasting opportunities, which to him would have been a nourishing treasure. Over his dull, half-mechanical toil, to which love and duty give a kind of cheerfulness, hangs ever a cloud, throwing on him the shadows of disappointment, of envy, of coldness, of injustice; and from which may strike at any moment the lightning of sudden calamity. And so he goes to his last rest with the painful consciousness, that his life has been curtailed of its designed proportions, that he is about to end it without having lived it; and he looks back on his earthly path as one long struggle up a rugged hill, which for him had no summit.

Is not his testimony strong against an order of things which is helpless to meet the high demands which God has given him a right to make, and under which is smothered much of the best fire in him.

Stronger even than his is another testimony, rising from the clearest human well of truth—that well of truth, which, be it the only one, never dries up and is never tainted. Against falsity and foulness Nature keeps one sanctuary inviolate, and that is the mother's heart. In the fears

of that seraphic guardian there is against all society a damning sentence, from the which is no appeal. From the infancy to the manhood of her child, these fears shake the mother daily. The light, the most beautiful that shines on earth, wherewith her countenance is illuminated as she gazes on her boy — that light is suddenly quenched in the darkness of dread the moment he passes from her sight. Be it to the street, to the school, to the office, to the market-place, whithersoever he goes, as boy, youth, man, her fears go with him. Daily and nightly she prays for his safety, and ever with misgivings, darkened, it may be, by the fall of brother, husband, father. She knows that everywhere he is in danger, and that the demons of evil track unweariedly his path, eager, like those that seize the Don Juan of the play, to hurl him into the pit.

Still further to enforce this maternal testimony, I cite all Christendom to testify at one of those solemn moments when the most false become truthful. Hearken when the church-bell opens a death-toll. The sound solemnizes the mood of every one. It is announced, that it tolls for an infant; at once, resignation becomes easier, in many breasts almost cheerful. The feeling with all (save the young, as yet unpractised in life) is, that a victim has been rescued, a martyrdom has

been forestalled. So demoralized are we by misery, that in the unselfishness of the solemn moment we are thankful that a fellow-creature has been snatched from life, ere it had tasted the bitterness of living. Gross self-delusion were it to believe that this unresisting submission is pure piety. In our ready consolation there is more of blasphemy than of piety; for the beneficent purpose of Providence is, that the sound germs it plants shall thrive. The bereavement below is too a bereavement above. The greatest gift of God to mankind is a child, and the mother's sigh in her great agony is echoed in Heaven, that its design has been baffled, and that man is still so weak and ignorant, that he knows not how to fulfil his great trust and protect and prize his richest treasure; and has not yet learned the immensity of his power, the possible splendors of his destiny.

More deeply than he will speak, or even admit to himself, every man feels the insufficiency and falsity, the compound hollowness and tyranny of the conventional relations wherein he is enclasped, and by whose clasp he is often galled and crippled. The stronger his sensibility and his reason, the stronger will be his longing for emancipation from this slavery to circumstances and to the caprices of accident. Under this bondage

the richest natures writhe the most bitterly. Those gifted men, who are the spokesmen of humanity, the Poets, have made this bondage the chief theme of their utterances. Their interpretations of man and society live from age to age, because, through their deeper sensibility and insight, they proclaim indestructible truths. The greatest works of the greatest poets are burning protests against the subjugation of the nobler nature of man to ignoble conventionalities and hypocrisies. With the vividness which only genius exhibits, they depict the catastrophes consequent on the one-sided energy of unbalanced passions, intensified into fatal destructiveness by artificial antagonisms, limitations, and suppressions. The strong instinct for freedom — strong according to the strength and elevation of the character — is on all sides thwarted, and it is its sublime, hopeless wrestle against the manifold bonds of society which is the great theme of tragedy. Hamlet is a noble nature encompassed by basenesses, the which, besieging and assailing him, obstruct his function, defeat his aspirations, and throwing him back on himself, doom him to fatal isolation and tragic self-torture; and finally, enveloping him in the fumes of falsehood and sensuality, stifle him to a frivolous death, the victim of potent villanies and mocking accident.

The Divina Comedia of Dante is the glowing anatomy of feelings, that devour the possessors for lack of legitimate outlet, consuming what they might warm, degrading what they might exalt.— The Faust of Goethe is a masterly picture of the despair of a rich nature, struggling to satisfy its great wants in solitary crude efforts, and vainly seeking in wild self-abandonment to appease desires which can only be appeased by equilibrium and union among themselves and union with those of innumerable other natures.

These great tragic embodiments keep their hold on the minds of men from generation to generation, beoause they are transcripts from the agonized human heart, as true and fresh to day as when Dante and Shakespeare and Goethe wrote them. They continue to be enacted on the stage and read in the closet, because they continue to be enacted in real life. Tragedy involves, embodies the abuse, the perversion, the misdirection of feelings in themselves legitimate or noble, the which, in their wholesome action innocent and productive, become harmful and destructive through this abuse and misdirection; the evil effects whereof Society must share with the victims. Doing and suffering in our midst, are Lears and Macbeths and Othellos, who deserve the same sympathy and compassion we give to the

creations of the mighty poet,—mighty, from his fidelity to the sublimities of human nature. In every community, in our own, possibly almost within sound of my voice, are the prototypes of these great ideals,—men and women wrenched, as they are pictured to be, from their ordained paths,—gifted beings unsphered by the disturbing influences around them, shooting madly from their orbits, bursting their great concaves, and spreading desolation along their track, shattered and shattering.

But through the inward darkness of the most wretched, struggles the dim light of belief in a better earthly state. The sinking feels that he has been lost; and to be lost, implies the possibility to have been saved. In the breasts of good men serenely burns the light of this belief, fed by the oil of their rectitude. Out of their own high wants the wise and pure predict a more divine, a more human future on earth, and adorn it with their holy joys; and the coarse and shallow call them dreamers; but the eternal mind, whence came their wisdom and their purity, is logical, and having given them the beautiful power so to predict, will verify their prediction. Such a future is a promise sanctified by the exhortation of Jesus,—"Be ye perfect, even as your father who is in heaven is perfect." Such a future has

ever shone and shines daily, an assured reality, in the prophecy contained in the bounding hopes and sinless ecstacies of childhood—childhood, which is a perpetual rainbow arching the gloom of the stormy world. The sweet melody of young thoughts and sensations, which now grows fainter and fainter with added years, changed often in adult age to moans and shrieks, might, through a wise tuning of that grandest of all instruments, the human heart, swell to sublime symphonies, resounding through all the earthly years of man. The voices that in childhood and youth sing such heavenly songs were not made to croak the harsh discords of our actual manhood, or to be choked by tears and anguish. In the depths of the human mind lie the powers, elastic with undying vitality, ready to spring to our rescue, and for ever lay the storms ourselves have raised.

Some doubtless of my readers have stood on a stout ship's deck at midnight in mid ocean, when the wind-angered waves have been so black with the weight of night, that feeling and hearing, they still could not see them; and standing there have cast eyes on the light at their feet and beheld the needle pointing, through the murky canopy of tempest, to its star millions of miles away, and thus, by its miraculous virtue, making the place of that star visible to the eye, which yet can not

penetrate a rod into the darkness.—It is Attraction which keeps that needle true, and makes it the guide of the night-blinded sea-farer, who gazes at it in awe and thankfulness.—In the brain of man is a multitude of magnets, each pointed, for ever unchanging, to its goal; endowed each by the Almighty with a like miraculous virtue to be unerringly attracted, and each ever true and through its truth designed, like that one tiny fibre of steel (so long unknown to man) to be a guide to power and safety; and each, as much more potent than the needle of the compass, as the moral is more potent than the physical.

But that the virtue of these wondrous magnets be felt, each one, poised on its centre, must have freest motion to obey its innate inextinguishable attraction, and do each its specific work. WORK! Therein is the solution of the social problem. So order industrial relations that each one shall do all the various work whereof he or she is capable, and you transform society from the purgatory which it now is to most, into a heaven more heavenly than has ever been fabled.* To bring

* Life is now a lottery, in which there are one thousand blanks to ten prizes, such as they are. It is a game, a serious game, in which the chances are a hundred to one against all participants. Is this, think you, the final Divine will? To believe, that the world was made by chance, is not ranker atheism, than

about this transformation, the law which governs work must be discovered. All things have their law; but of work, the most important of all, whereon all are dependent, enfolding all in its infinite embrace, the law has hitherto been unknown. Not only must all beings work, in order to continue to be, but fully to compass the ends of their being, they must work well. Up in the star-peopled empyrean: what a sublime work is there doing for ever! Behold the Sun! how he works! wheeling his world of planets, which he fructifies, on their gigantic infallible orbits. The Earth is a busy housewife, waited on by the seasons, working hourly to keep her house in order for her inmate man.* What a great work the ocean and rivers do, never resting. And the rivers of the body—they tire not, those red misterious streams, that, carrying sustenance to every tissue, knit our bones, brace our muscles, electrify our nerves. From birth to death, through a hun-

to believe, that the condition of the highest beings in it is permanently subject to the caprice of fortune. Life might be so true and full, so sure and substantial, that every one's existence would be a prize richer than the luckiest now draws; and there should be no luck in it either. Not in its minute incidents even, should life be subject to chance, but be ever under the rule of law, and of benignant law.

* To the supreme worker in the Universe, God, men are acceptable in proportion to the work they do.

dred years, the heart and lungs take no rest, doing their miraculous work in silence and secrecy. Sleeping never, they replenish the mighty brain while it sleeps. These, with their colleague organs of animal life, the liver and stomach and skin, ply steadily, and some ceaselessly their tasks. When one fails in its allotted task, or puts part of its work on another, there is disease. That each do fully and freely its especial individual work, neither more nor less, is essential to the well-working of each and of all. For the health and vigor of the animal life, they must work together harmoniously, one with the other and each with all. Now, the social, moral, and intellectual organs do not do, each its appointed task freely and fully, do not work together harmoniously. Some are overworked, some underworked, some diverted from their legitimate work; one is cramped, another is forced; one rusts while another runs riot; some are intertangled together, and thus wear and chafe one the other. Hence, work is so often irksome and mechanical, often stupifying, soul-quenching, and therefore hateful. Man now mostly works like a drudge, not like a man. Hence, in the social, the moral, the intellectual life, there is weakness, lethargy, disease, corruption. Hence, our faculties of thought and feeling and action make not

in their exercise that music which hearty, willing, healthful work never fails to make, but are "like sweet bells jangled and out of tune." That which can—and naught else can—put them in tune, is work;—the supporter and embellisher of human life—work, the quality and amount of which is the measure of human excellence—which underlies and encompasses our every movement—at once the centre and the circumference, the foundation and the superstructure of our active being—the right arm of the Almighty, helping the very sun to shine for us and the waters to flow—work, whose accumulated creations, like the generative forces of Nature, second our efforts on every side, and double the helpfulness of these very forces; whose activity brings life, whose stagnation disease, whose cessation death;—work, the first condition of healthful life, inseparable from and one with life—work, every act of which should be as pure and cheerful as the sunbeam that ripens the grain of wheat, as honored as the mother's toil for her babe. As we now are, little of work is pure or honored or cheerful. Throughout Europe idleness is honored. Not to work, is the badge of a gentleman. Work there does not raise a man, it lowers him. Here, the prevalence of the democratic principle, implying a nobler feeling of self-dependence, and

a truer manliness, tempers this outrage on nature and justice:* it only tempers, it does not, it can not efface it.

Political organization, the freest and best, is powerless to forestall falsehood, to kill crime, to rebuke sensualism, to dissolve enmities, to harmonize all interests, to enthrone justice. Naught is equal to all this but the might latent in work. So long as every kind of productive work is not honored and honorable—which it never can be until work is organized—so long there will be foul idleness, often involuntary, on the one side, and coarse drudgery on the other, and work will be enslaved, and thence daily defiled; and man, whose whole being is enfeoffed to work, will be defiled.†

To uplift work, and with it man; so to organize work, that every man's and every woman's

* Full justice implies social perfection. Until the relations among men are at once free and logical, natural and refined, intimate and yet unconstrained, there can not be entire justice. In our falsely organized society, the most just-minded can not be perfectly just in all his dealings.

† The problem of life is, like all great things, simple; resolving itself into this—how to get the most work out of each being. In our present form of life, we do but a fraction of our possible work. The labor even of those who work most is misspent and misdirected; and many work little, and many not at all. We as yet know not how to work. When we shall have learned how, then will begin the transfiguration of society.

multitudinous aptitudes and desires for it shall find each its field, whereby, manhood and womanhood will be so strengthened, enlightened, and beautified, that the human will shall be at all times and in all things coincident with the eternal will—such is the aim of the socialist.

The law, by whose recognition and application this sublime transformation can be wrought; the method whereby work, itself exalted, shall exalt humanity—this I shall endeavor to expound in the Third Part.

PART III.

SYNTHESIS — THE POSSIBLE.

We live by work. Work upholds our whole being, moral, intellectual, corporeal. Stop work, and you stop the beating of the heart which drives every current of manifold life.

Suppose a sudden relaxation in all fields of work, practical and scientific, material and intellectual; and on the instant, life everywhere, in every form and phasis, would faint. On the other hand, let work in its principal provinces be multiplied, enlarged, refined, elevated; and you elevate, refine, enlarge man, society. The path by which we have arrived where we now are is work; and work is the only path that leads to a higher state.

The gauge of a community's position on the scale of humanity is work. Pass from the centre to the north of Africa; thence through Italy into France and England; and you run up from the bottom of the scale of human condition to the top. In Central Africa humanity is inactive, idle;

stagnant, therefore, in gross savagery. Stirred by somewhat more of creative life in Barbary, it shines with the lively hues of various action in Italy. In the centres of modern civilization, in Paris and London, it sparkles with the heat of quick intellectual motion.

This survey,—which, transferred to any locality or period, will present the same results,—shows, that the character and sum of work accomplished, is the index of the power, culture, resources of the man or the community. Work is an effect, whose cause is always in the mind. The spring of all work is the mind. The mind has the universal initiative. It originates, contrives, maintains work. The idiot having no mind, does not, can not work. The horse, the elephant can not work, except by help of the mind of man. The hand or eye of a man, disjoined from his mind, is no more than the back or eye of a horse. You can not turn up a spadeful of earth without intellect: you can not guide the plough for a rod without mental action. The growth of the mind is followed necessarily by growth of work. If the wants of the mind are few and simple and gross, the work done will be small and gross; and this grossness and meagreness will be expressed in the material environments of men. The capacity and desires

of the mind determine finally the quality and the amount of work accomplished.

The multiplication and enlargement of work congregate men more and more closely together. For diversity and refinement, as well as for massiveness of work, men need the help of one another. Nothing large and thorough, nothing subtile and delicate, can be brought about, except through co-operative work, through association. Look at the populous capitals of Europe, or of our own country. Men here swarm together by hundreds of thousands in order that in close proximity they may better compass their aims of multiform work. A large city is a large association. Within the bosom of this one general association are many specific minor associations, for various purposes; but all founded for the same end, of faciliating, of perfecting work. By association, the grand and costly enterprises characteristic of advanced societies are accomplished. Roads, canals, railroads, are built. Commerce is nourished and accelerated through banks, insurance and manufacturing companies. Then there are associations for the maintenance of fire-engines, for the building of churches, for the founding of libraries, schools, and universities, for charitable succor, for mutual assistance; besides countless business partnerships of two, three, or more persons. By

means of all these is effected a partial, but still very partial, organization of work.

Organization implies a whole made up of separate parts or organs, all subordinated to a law or principle governing the whole—a whole constituted in conformity with innate vital fitness. Organization is thus a first condition of successful action, of healthy life. It involves co-operation among the parts forming the whole—a willing, free, active co-operation or working together. Within the man, the co-working of the various wants and organs and functions: out of him, the co-working with his fellow-men and with nature's elements and forces. Now in our most productive communities, large and various as are the results obtained, they are immeasurably below the capacity of the men who produce them; because the conditions of a thorough organization are none of them fully complied with. Nowhere is there a willing and free working together of the parts forming the whole, neither within nor without. Men do not work according to aptitudes; but few of their capacities for work get scope to work; they do not work harmoniously one with the other and one with all; they do not work under the canopy of a presiding all-embracing justice. Among them co-operation is, in comparison to what it might be, loose and feeble; and thence,

the ends of work are but partially fulfilled, the objects of life imperfectly attained.

Look beneath the busy surface, and you perceive, that these two or three hundred thousand, congregated in a city, for the convenience of working together, work nevertheless not freely, not willingly, often hostilely; each one, moreover, working for ever in one monotonous track, the same from day to day, and month to month, and year to year; the clerk ever behind the desk, the builder ever with one set of tools, the lawyer ever with his pleas and precedents, the shoemaker ever at his last, the smith ever over his furnace; and so through the long roll of occupations that unite to swell the huge current of civilized industry.*

Let us now see, whether by a further projection on the path whereon we have advanced thus far, whether by a further growth on our present sturdy

* Work is mostly irksome, laborious, fatiguing, distasteful, because each man works during life at one work, which, while it wearies the few faculties engaged, is, at the same time, further distressing, from the unnatural idleness of so many others. To sit in one posture for several hours, is fatiguing: to look at one object all day, would dull and wear out the sight: to hear one tune for hours, at first offends the ear, then deadens its sensibility: and yet, from week to week, and year to year, we work at one work; whereby we starve two thirds of our faculties, and overstrain the other third. Hence, ennui, discontent, one-sidedness, irritability, inefficiency — and thence, immorality, misery, crime.

stem, we can not so order work, that the intellectual activity be increased a hundredfold, the immense product already obtained be quadrupled, and the moral condition purged and infinitely brightened.

Men, as they expand in culture, crowd themselves into towns for the furthering of work, the finer branches of industry and culture equally with the massive, demanding the co-operation of many, and co-operation demanding proximity of domicil. Now let us, in the same great interest of work, still increase the facility of co-operation, and ascending a step higher than the town-union, bring the workers under one roof.—Suppose eighteen hundred or two thousand people, instead of being housed under three hundred roofs, in a small town, each with its separate kitchen and household, were united in one vast building, five times the size of the Astor House, where each individual or family should find lodgings according to desires and means, and every room should be lighted, warmed, and watered from common reservoirs; and all the inmates should be served from one kitchen at public tables or in parties, or individually, at different hours, to suit all. From the experience we have in factories and hotels, we know, that through this concentration, large economies might be made; but

nothing more. Hereby work is not organized. Two thousand people, all of them workers, may live under one roof, and still be as much isolated, as disunited, as they are under three hundred roofs, or as they are in a vast hotel. The one huge comprehensive building is only a mechanical condition of organization, bringing the workers close at hand to one another for concentrated action. The mere gain of economy would not suffice to keep them together; for to most, if not to all, this close contact *without close sympathy*, without lively constant co-operation in work, would be repugnant. Except through the *attractions of pursuits in common*, people will not continue united, even in the partial union at present existing. Work is the only bond that will bind men permanently, contentedly, closely together. By developing work, you strengthen union. By perfecting work, you create and cherish brotherhood. Thus, it is only by this perfecting, that you can compass the conditions needed for the dominance among men of Christian love.—To hold these two thousand together, there must be lively, warm, diversified sympathies, (and they can only spring up through work,) running through and through this crowd of men, women, and children, like electrical wires binding each one to all and all to each. How to generate

such sympathy in a cold heterogeneous concourse: how to convert two thousands parts, from being a mere congregation of human units, into a highly organic oneness—that is the problem. To knit them into a complex but most compact web of unity; to harmonize all interests, while multiplying and enlarging them; to annul all discords, or rather out of many discords to make one grand concord; so that these two thousand shall not only be willing to stay together, but shall delight in being together, and so delight, that no impulsion or temptation could draw them asunder.—Let no one for an instant entertain the thought, that this great, new, this magnificent achievement, could be compassed by force of the arbitrary and the conventional.* The most cunningly-devised con-

* Simply protective, ought to be the outward mechanism we call government, the genuine office of which is, to be a defensive rampart round a community and round each member thereof; in order that the whole and each constituent have free movement and scope for productive exertion and full enjoyment of life. As the skull from the brain, of which it is the shield, this *outward* should draw its shape and character from the *inward*.

For reconstruction, outward mechanism is powerless; for that, we must, through the unfolding of all the individualities of civilized men, give full play to inward movement, to which play good government is conducive. When the man-contrived machinery is, or gets to be, discordant with the God-implanted internal forces, then government becomes oppressive and tyrannical, and is obstructive rather than protective.

stitution and by-laws and regulations, unanimously adopted after full discussion, would be as impotent to solve this problem as would be the will of a town-meeting to quicken the motion of our planet. — For this great solution, naught is adequate but NATURAL LAW, applied with forecast, by thinking faith-supported men.

Natural law is the principle of rule primordially inherent in all created things, and must be comprehended and obeyed to bring about order and harmony. The function of man as to laws is executive and administrative, not legislative. Laws, genuine laws, immutable, logical, and harmonious, are the work of the Most High only. Man's part is to discern them, to interpret them, to apply them.

Ever present and active are these natural laws and powers, even, when their significance being unsuspected and their value unrecognised, they are not appropriated by man as helpful agents. They play around us, startling us into momentary wonder or curiosity, like the lightning, which waited so long to be made the willing messenger of thought. Latent in man are natural laws, that can be roused to activity to accomplish our present high purpose.

In human nature, and noticeable by the most superficial observer, is a restless tendency ever

manifesting itself more or less superficially and transitorily — but in which there is a deep dormant power — the tendency apparent on the play-ground, in balls and social parties, in legislative and political assemblages, and elsewhere, wherever men do congregate, *to break into groups* — a crude exhibition in these cases of the law of attraction of like toward like, a law which in its mature play, and intelligently directed, will furnish the key, is the key, to the organization of work. This law is universal.

The kingdoms of Nature, the animal, vegetable, and mineral — the constituents of the earth itself and of all the growths on its surface — are divided and subdivided into series and groups; that is, into classes, orders, genera, species, varieties. The discovery of this universal division into series and groups, was the inauguration of science. The perception of this graduated, natural order, is Science. For, Science is, the discerning by man of the laws and principles that rule Nature's facts and phenomena. Science is, therefore, absolute, permanent, unchangeable truth. The conceptions of man, however ingenious and bold, when not founded on, or deduced from, these immutable natural laws, are never science; for they are not absolute unchangeable truth. They are in fact not truth at all, but, at

best, approximations to truth. Thus, political economy is not science, nor metaphysics, nor theology. They are makeshifts, often sorry substitutions for truth, resorted to in the dearth of full knowledge. The highest of all possible sciences were that of society; and that will be inaugurated when the discovery made by Fourier —among the greatest, if not the greatest, discovery ever made by man—that man's work, that is, the activity of his faculties productively directed upon the forces and kingdoms of Nature —including his own mental forces—the work of man, in order to be what it was designed that it should be, must be carried on, not as it ever has been, in hostile disjunction, but in *compact series*, and *voluntary groups*, in correspondence with the natural kingdoms, in conformity with the principle that we have already discovered to pervade all material creation, and which pervades all creation. One unfailing law in universal Nature for the attainment of order and harmonious action, for complete life, is the serial, the law of series and groups.

Let us endeavor to give this great law scope upon the daily variegated activity of man. Suppose then that the two thousand men and women and children—for at a much earlier age than now children may be joyous productive workers,

and as such be all thoroughly educated, which no child is or can be now—suppose, that instead of each one setting about singly, as is mostly the case, his or her monotonous and often enforced occupation for the day, the whole mass, already, as we have supposed, congregated under one roof, breaks up in the morning into numerous companies according to aptitudes and preferences; crowds to the gardens, grouping themselves there by dozens or scores, each group at a separate part of the various garden-culture; crowds to the larger fields; crowds to the mechanical and manufacturing workshops; crowds to the kitchen and to the household-work. Hereby is a partial, but still a very partial satisfaction given to the law of attraction. All betake themselves to a kind of work they like, and go about it in company, in groups. This is much; but with only this work is still very far from being organized. With the whole field of work open before them, with all facilities and conveniences and tools at hand, there is not one of the two thousand who will not be attracted toward several kinds of work, and where there is versatility of nature, toward a dozen or more kinds. Besides, many will be drawn to departments, for which they have no especial preference, by affection for, by sympathy with others; for, a truly organic law

of human association will and must open a field for a much fuller and purer play of all the affections, as well as of the intellectual faculties, than they now have.

Further, it is a law of the human mind:—here let me warn you, that I am not, out of my imagination, building up a system; I am not trifling with this great subject, and with you, by asking your assent to positions or propositions invented by me or by any one else: I deal with truths of Nature: the foundations I rest on are not hypotheses, imaginations of man, but laws and principles in Nature; if they are not, my words, however ingenious, are idle: out of these laws I seek, by fidelity to Nature's hints and lessons, to evolve practical results: it is then a law of the mind; or, if law be for the case too severe a term, I will say, a quality, or, it is incident to the mind—and to this I challenge your assent—that, after two hours unbroken work at one particular occupation, its edge is dulled. After that it works with more or less of effort; it carries a weight; its spring is weakened. Such, to be sure, are the resources and flexibilities of this mighty power, the human mind, that it trains itself to keep on at one same work, with little rest, for the whole day, from day to day, to the year's end, to the life's end; but heavily, often sorrow-

fully, always with diminished momentum and productiveness; and this, whether the work be with pen or needle, with spade or awl, with shuttle or sledge-hammer.

When a man's mind is tired, when he works only by force of will, which will is ruled by necessity, and thus keeps on for six or eight hours more at one unvaried toil, till night-fall, often into the night, and this every day of his life—is that man a free man? However democratic may be his political relations, however white his skin, he is not free; he is a slave—ay, a slave, and a slave to that which may be, and is to be, his liberator; he is a slave to work.

Simply by working in company then, the law of attraction, the law of freedom, is but fractionally obeyed. Let us, in order to give that great law full sway over work, take one step more, a step so momentous, that, by taking it, we transform languid monotony into lively diversity, weary slowness into fresh alacrity, slavery into freedom. This is the great step. At the expiration of two hours, or thereabout, the groups all dissolve, fly asunder; and every individual member of each becomes member of another group, to engage with other fellow-workers upon a work other than the one he or she has just left. And so again at every two hours through the day.

Thus, every man, woman, and child, will have wrought during one day in several or many fields of work, and only in those in which he or she is most apt; whereby, a heart is put into the work of every worker for the whole day.

Consider at this point another quality — virtue I might term it — of the human mind, to the existence of which the consciousness of every one will testify. The mind delights in producing, in shaping, in creating; whether it be a timber or a last, a poem or a handspike; whether by digging and planting and watering, or by brush or plane or chisel — to produce, to bring to pass, to create, is always a high satisfaction. Let him but shape, erect, rear, work at what he has vocation for; let him cease the moment that his appetite is appeased (I say appetite, for under these natural, wholesome, unforced conditions, man will literally have an appetite for work); let him work with companions congenial to him, as having the same preferences; and he will work from morn till evening, without fatigue, without heaviness, with ever-fresh zest, as he passes from one group to another, from one productive process to a different one.

The results to flow from this adaptation of man to his vocations — *this adjustment of man to Nature* — are too immense to be grasped by present

imagination. The adaptation of man to his vocations will make a paradise of his earthly home, which is now but a purgatory, and often a hell; and it is so, from the suppression and perversion of his innate activities, the compulsory inaction or misaction of many of his functions. By the adaptation of man to his vocations, he will at last come into the enjoyment of his great heritage—his wealth of inexhaustible faculties. Work, in all its hundreds of forms, will be to all a daily joy, attended by, necessarily causing, bodily as well as mental health. Conceive the revolution that will be peaceably brought about in each one's condition, when work, from being dull and gloomy and monotonous and solitary, shall have become light and cheerful and diversified and social; from being for the most part repugnant, it shall be intensely attractive, every hour of it—ay, even that which is now especially repulsive. Look at most workers now in all provinces; they are the bondmen to their work; most of them are almost literally chained to their task for life. In the organic association every man and woman will be his or her master or mistress, in a sense that the strongest and most prosperous is not, can not be, at present. He will choose freely, with perfect liberty. Birth, accident, necessity, will no longer force on a man his occupation, his

one occupation. His natural aptitudes, desires, preferences, attractions, will give him his several, his many pursuits. He is free to choose, free to follow the bent of his native individual* capacities and intellectual and affective needs. He works like a man thoroughly master of himself, possessing himself.

A broad, strong principle, once unfolded and incorporated in act, brings other powers and principles, till then half-smothered and sickly, into vigorous play; so generative, so logical, so unifying is truth.

Let me illustrate what I mean.

Some of our leading journals have lately followed the example of the English in reporting cricket-matches, in which groups of men from different cities work hard, for successive days, in eager rivalry at unproductive play—ay, work much harder than at their daily bread-earning

* Comprehensive, harmonious unity, can only result from freest individuality. Hence, there being now no genuine individuality, neither is there a grand accordant wholeness. Individuals are partial and fragmentary, in conflict within themselves, in conflict with one another, and in conflict with the whole, which whole, or semblance of a whole, is a ragged patchwork, instead of being a symmetrical organic unity, pervaded and shaped by healthy, inward life, fed from innumerable, single, healthy, individual streams. Individual freedom is essential to general harmony and wholeness; and individual freedom is attainable only through industrial, associative alliance.

business; so inspiring is the competition of rival groups. The beautiful spectacle of a horticultural exhibition, is the product of free rivalry. See the unflagging zeal of fire-companies; again, voluntary groups. Now the organizing of work by groups, introduces this principle of rivalry—hitherto remotely operative—into every field of industry and endeavor. The spirit of the cricket-ground infuses itself, with all its exhilarating fire, into the garden, the cornfield, the workshop, the factory, the household. The passion of ambition, of competition, which bears such fair fruits in horticultural, agricultural, industrial exhibitions, where the contendants work far apart in cold isolation, will heat the hundreds of groups, working, like the cricket-players, on the same ground, side by side, face to face, ever in close, exciting, competitive contact. Thus, to the enthusiasm and joyous life imparted to work by association in free groups, is added the warmth of friendly, never-flagging rivalry. A soul is breathed into all work, tingling in its every limb, and work, in all its efforts and manifold aims, becomes a joyous play; and thus, the function of production, of creation—the great function of man—will be performed at once lightly and vigorously, and most fruitfully, being then at last in harmony with the unresting, procreative processes, estab-

lished and maintained by the eternal and infinite mind. Man will have put himself in his great destiny on earth, work, at one with God.

I have already stated, as a transparent fact, that the vast product of our civilized industry, is obtained by means of co-operation, men being congregated for industrial ends in crowded cities. Now, the principles of association I have sketched create a co-operative activity a thousand fold more close than can be obtained by any other less natural means. The whole mind of two thousand persons working with the zeal of cricket-players upon the hundreds of varieties of occupation, in hundreds of groups, the mind of each member of every group at once in sympathy and rivalry with every other member, and the whole group in sympathy and rivalry with neighboring groups; here will be, for the first time in work, thorough, full, hearty, complex co-operation. Not bodily merely, side by side, will the workers work together, but at the same time in intimate, zealous, mental co-operation; so that, the outcome of each one's work will hardly be the product of one mind, but of the minds of all the seven or seventeen comprising the group. The group combines into one focus the many rays of a common work; and thus, unceasing streams of intellectual force will flow from the stimulated

minds of all in one flood to vitalize the work of each member and of the whole group; all the groups flowing together to give power to the series, and all the series combined under this great organic law into one harmony, amid endless diversity.

Let not the terms *series* and *groups* perplex you: they can be made perfectly plain, for you have them now. Each separate branch of industry forms a series; a loose series, not compacted together, feebly organic, but still a series. Thus, the house-carpenters form one series, the cabinet-makers another, the shoemakers another, the tailors another. Now, in the organic association, of which I am endeavoring to give you a picture, these and all other branches of work will each one be subdivided into groups, each group dedicating itself to a specific department of the common work of the series. This subdivision into groups takes place now in a measure in some branches; among the shoemakers, for example, in the cotton and woollen manufacture, and in other departments. In the combined order it will be universal, and infinitely more complete and logical, through means of the great pivotal principle, alternation; each group working only two hours at a time; the shoemaker at the expiration of that term recreating himself, satisfying

other capacities for work, with the trowel, with the violin, with the spade, with mathematics, with poetry. A series, then, is simply a body of workers, engaged in one branch of production. By dividing the body of workers constituting a series into groups, three, five, seven, thirteen groups, according to the fitness of the particular branch of work for subdivision, work is suited to the capacities and tastes of the workers, and is methodized according to natural requirements. It is, in short, but a division of labor, one of the boasts of civilization, the effect of which is, by confining a worker to a fraction of a process, by concentrating his whole effort on one small point, on one single process, to obtain a finer result, and carry some branches of industry up to the highest point of perfection. Thus, in the manufacture of pins, division of labor is applied so minutely, that men pass their lives in making the tenth part of a pin. The success is complete, and we have perfect pins by millions. What a success! The worker is sacrificed to the work, the man to the thing, to a pin. Here is the difference — a difference as between night and day — between civilized and thoroughly-organized industry. In the civilized, men are made machines of, muscular machines. This mighty, immeasurable brain, the fountain of power and beauty, is harnessed to

a steam-engine by the month, by the year, by the life. The product—pin or shawl—is the main thing; the producer is secondary, is subordinate to that.

By division of labor, as now practised, thousands, hundreds of thousands, are stunted in body, stultified in intellect, crucified in heart. In the organic association this means to the perfection of products will not only be maintained where it now prevails, it will be increased a thousand-fold, being applied to almost all branches of work. And mark the magical effect of discovering and obeying nature's order. So far from stupifying and demoralizing the worker, it will develop and enlarge his whole being, by virtue of that great, protective, creative power, introduced into all work, the *change and alternation* of occupations, the worker always staying his arm at the point where the arm's master, the mind, begins to flag. Instead of one man working ten hours a day at the tenth part of a pin, five men will work thereat two hours each, the mind after two hours taking a fresh start on some larger labor, calling into play other faculties, other muscles.

Each individual carries in his or her brain a number of orders for various work. With the present industrial and social arrangements, only one or two of these orders can be obeyed, and

those not with the alacrity of good will. We are now like a large company, with eager appetites, collected to a feast of a hundred various dishes, but of which each member of the company is permitted only to partake of but one or two, and those even not such as he prefers, as he would with freedom choose, but such as the waiters happen to bring to him, or he happens to sit opposite to. Even his allowance of something that he may perhaps dislike, is the effect of chance!—Under the scientific organization, all your faculties being, in free and constant alternation, called into vigorous, cheerful play by this universal, refined, logical division of labor, a perfectness of product will be everywhere obtained, attended by a general perfectness of mental development, whereof we have now only indications and fragments. The entire individuality of each, which is now everywhere either despised, or tethered, or crushed, will, in the organic society, be not only respected, but cultivated, and thus, the diversities of nature will be sacredly preserved.*

* When the life of a man shall be the exercise of all the faculties he desires to gratify (a consummation inevitably consequent on the scientific organization of work), then he will be omnipotent for self-direction. Out of the varied abundance of his activities, will result animated equilibrium, whereby he will be buoyant and free; not, as now, ruled by an inward conspiracy of powers, potent to tyrannize, because of his onesided develop-

Nature delights in diversity: sameness is hateful to her. In all her domains, variety is an element of utility as well as of beauty. She makes all men different in features, bodily and mental. No two persons in any town, no two on this continent, are identical, outwardly or inwardly. And as the constituents of every community, the men and women who compose it, are each different from the other, and some in contrast with others, so are the constituents of each individual. Each one of us is made up of a series, or rather several series, of different contrasted faculties and qualities, each faculty asking for satisfaction in free activity; each being in the divine purpose a stimulant to work, a centre and source of action.

Again, nature delights in inequality. Not only does she create men divers and unlike, but also unequal, such universal diversity and unlikeness involving inequality. What moral equality is there between Washington and Arnold — what intellectual equality between Jefferson and George

ment. No longer will the sensual self-seeking motions be tyrants, cruel, coarse, and domineering, but harmonious, happy, subordinated co-agents. At present, unstrung or shattered are the myriad-toned chords of sympathies with nature and our fellows, and the music of life we only get by snatches, like prisoners painfully hearkening to a passing band. Whereas, life might be incessant melodies and harmonies of infinite variation.

III.—what poetic equality between Shakespeare and Boileau? The opening phrases of our great declaration of independence are but relatively true, true as qualified by what follows, viz.: that all men have an equal right to the pursuit of happiness. That all men are born free, is true as the assertion of a deep natural right in man, a right to the exercise and full use of all his inborn powers and attributes—a right, which is yet nowhere enjoyed, social and industrial imperfections and conventionalities practically curtailing more or less this abstract innate freedom; even the most favored in the freest communities parting with their natural freedom, and rapidly parting with it, as they advance into years and deepen their obligations. For the pursuit of happiness according to the native capacities and desires of each, they have not full means at present, nor among themselves equal means. Only in the organic society will all men herein—in this primary priceless privilege—be equal. Out of their natural inborn inequalities—now the source of tyrannies and usurpations, petty and grand—will an harmonious equality of rights and enjoyments ensue, each one there having not merely, as now, the right to be free without the power; but likewise the means around him to practise the fullest liberty, enjoying the fullest swing of self-direc-

tion; the weak equally with the strong, the limited equally with the gifted.

I say the organic society, that is, the society, the social union, thoroughly penetrated and animated by the laws divinely designed to rule and perfect it; for it is a deep truth, that every existing thing or being is endowed with a latent, organic, vital apparatus, suited, perfectly suited, to its nature; that is, laws, under whose completed sway, its peculiar life shall fully bloom. In the lower organizations this innate power of development and rule reaches its full action rapidly. In the wheat and the pine, in the horse and the ox, as we know them, the circle of life is accomplished. Not so in man. His endowment is so rich, so manifold, so exhaustless, that for his being to become thoroughly vitalized by its innate organic force, the inward fountain of his mighty life must grow for countless generations by gradual additions of knowledge and experience, and the revelations of power made by genius; until all his faculties being brought into active play and harmonious co-operation, his nature shall no more need outward prop and coercion, but through its multiform strength and infinite resources, be free and self-sufficing.

In the possibility of this organic society, we, foremost af all Christian Peoples, should believe,

having by native power unfolded the inward force further than it has been by any other people, and thereby achieved a stage of freedom and self-direction, not yet reached in any other land. Our political self-government, our voluntary religious system, are strides upward toward complete emancipation from outward force. The freedom of unmarried women among us is another great fact, exhibiting our ascent on the same aspiring path, and proving the connection between moral purity and a self-achieved liberty. Now, on the continent of Europe these free relations, political, religious, social, with their happy results — these facts, great in themselves and greater by their promise — are hardly credited. Being so much higher than what men and women there have, what they know of by personal trial, to them these emancipations are almost as though they were not and could not be. And yet, they *are*. As is the condition of these European skeptics to our condition, so is ours to a condition higher than ours, which *is*, however skeptical we may be.

Observe that to bring about this transformation in the social order, this exodus out of disorder into order, this fundamental organic change, we propose no sweeping measures embracing at one stroke, like legislative enactments, a whole people.

We ask no help of the State: we go behind the State to that out of which the State, with all its functions, springs—the wants and wills of men. These we take at their source, and prying into their nature and tendencies, as exhibited in their most ripened condition, we seek to make them run in their legitimate channels. We take men and women at their daily work. The daily work of men and women is the most important thing on earth, that whereby they are as they are. On the character of our daily work depends the character of our life, physical, intellectual, moral. We take only so many as are needed to give a field for the action of the organic law of society, which we affirm to have been lately discovered and expounded. From sixteen hundred to two thousand persons, it is estimated, will involve all the varieties of aptitude for the multifarious work of human brains and hands; at least, a variety great enough for the inauguration of the new order. Each one of this number joining those groups, few or many, toward which he or she is freely drawn, the whole mass will, by this alternation in groups, be interlashed and interlocked together in one close network of industrious union. For the effective coworking of all in various sympathy and interdependence, instead of three hundred households, one general

household will be substituted, a large domestic palace, I will call it, planned and fitted by thought and art for its compound purposes, organically built and arranged for our enlarged and harmonious ends; with saloons and refectories and halls, with library and workshops and laboratories and storerooms, and hundreds of acres of garden about it, and thousands of acres of arable and woodland.

Now this, at the same time that it is of such startling novelty, is but a growth, I may say, out of, an enlargement, a completion of what we have. As already stated, many branches of industry are now carried on by series, these series being in some cases subdivided into groups. In our hotels and boarding-houses and clubs and model lodging-houses, we have the embryo of the unitary edifice, the domestic palace. Further, the primary constituents of wealth and industry, labor, capital, and skill, each finds its rights recognised. Like individuals, through the action of series and groups, the individuality of each is developed and perfected, while the bonds among them are so much more close and confiding. As now, there will be community of interests, only far more harmonious; and as now, no community of goods. Each will receive according to what he produces by capital or labor or

skill.* Community of goods is a social solecism. Nature rejects it: she is our mistress; and therefore we not only respect, but we cultivate, in all its aspects, what she has taken such pains to establish, individualism. To divide equally among all, the joint product of capital, labor, and skill, were as gross an outrage on logic as on justice: to introduce such communism, were to deaden mental activity, to arrest production, to baffle nature.

"Through the means of what you describe as organic association" my readers may be ready to say, "we can perceive the possibility, nay probability, of great material success. This is the sum of all socialist doctrines, the best they have to offer—greater material product, extension of physical enjoyment: they all lead to, end in, materialism."—Are not, with men of flesh and blood, increased material product, multiplication of physical conveniences, inseparable from, the indispensable conditions for, a higher life? Do you go into huts and caves for the refined, and

* Property is to the man somewhat as the taproot is to the plant: it keeps him firm in his place. The desire for individual, exclusive, absolute possession is inborn. To his garment, his bed, his certificates, a man clings with feelings akin to those which bind him to parents and children. They are part of himself.

the capable, and the pure? Do you resort to naked savages for knowledge or moral discipline. To be well housed and well clad are (at least in frosty climates) prerequisites to moral as well as intellectual culture. When you feed and clothe and house the hungry and houseless, are you thereby materialists? Nature plants in us the seeds of many hungers, all of which she designs to be fully satisfied. When the comforts and enjoyments, confined in monarchies to the few, are, by republican institutions, diffused among the many, giving to the poorest, wheat, instead of rye and oats, houses for hovels, clothes for rags, are these institutions materialists? What is materialism? Materialism is the supremacy of the animal nature — not as in the savage state, where the high faculties of sentiment and intellect not being unfolded, the whole tribe is little more than a herd of animals — but this supremacy in civilized society, where, the resources of the ripened intellect are hired to pamper the animal nature. This is materialism, and in this we are now steeped to the lips. Wherever there is wealth, see how it is made to swell and multiply fleshly uses and pleasures. Is this not a favorite, an unavoidable, theme of the moralist, the satirist, the preacher? Everywhere around us, in our midst, materialism grasps

and gloats over the best products of civilized industry, glaring with its wide sensual eyes through our manifold cupidities and selfishness.* When the animal rules in presence of the intellectual and moral, and in spite of them, as it does so much now throughout Christendom, there is materialism. And it does so rule, because the higher faculties, with the rich harmonies and sympathies whereof they are capable, find at present such limited satisfaction. The voids which their non-satisfaction leaves the lower rush into.

The animal nature is the basis, the necessary basis of our being. Keep it the basis, and it is

* The *self* is now circumscribed within such narrow bounds, it can but be one-sided, and therefore contracted and darkened. Under the organic law of work it will be multiplied and immensely expanded; and thus, becoming necessarily broad and generous, cease to be selfish.

The ancient supposed that the centre of the universe was the earth, round which revolved the sun and stars. Modern Astronomy has proved, that the earth is but a small unit among many that revolve round the sun. By this discovery, the earth's place is, relatively to ancient belief, immeasurably lowered; but yet, what a magnification of thought accompanies this belittling. Truth always widens, even when it seems to narrow. — The ancient astronomical error typifies the monstrous self-magnification of egotism, referring everything to itself as centre. To find his true position, a man must go out of himself, and discern his relation to the whole. Thereby, although egotistically let down, he is as man immeasurably uplifted.

in its place, doing its function healthily and purely, which function is, to be the servant of the nobler nature, never its master. When it usurps mastery, there prevail, as there do now, contradiction and discord and falsehood and fraud and imposture and injustice.

Now when two thousand people congregate together in order that, through the laws of work we have sketched, each one shall actively unfold all his or her peculiar capabilities for work, the whole being of each being hereby productively employed, a result as new as it will be immense will be obtained, viz.: the establishing of equilibrium among all the members of such a community, and among all the powers of each member.—That harmony is the final purpose of all creation we may learn from innumerable analogies, and from the purest and most enlightened conseiousness. Harmony supposes, demands, equilibrium among the constituents of a whole; and equilibrium among a large number of various powers or persons can not be conceived of, can not be, without involving the supremacy of the higher nature. To conceive otherwise, were blasphemy against the Supreme Architect. To establish then equilibrium among the varied endowments of man and among the multitudinous varieties of men, were to enthrone the higher faculties

of intellect and sentiment as regents of human affairs—an achievement sublime in its beneficence, big with all blessings.

Full, zealous, varied, equilibrated occupation will dispel, must, by irresistible logic, dispel ignorance and poverty and fraud and injustice; and, to sum up all its effects in one, it will dispel IDLENESS, to do which, involves all possible good; for, that *idleness is the root of all evil,* is a deeper, broader truth than in our present condition we can fully embrace. Now we are all idle—ay, all; for the steadiest, most fruitful worker has voids in intellect and feeling, voids that he can not fill; and even in our present limited sense of idleness, many are often unwillingly idle. In the organic association, the man who is now the half his time idle will be busier than the busiest is or can be now. Two thousand persons, men, women, and children, with their home in what from its conveniences, completeness, and taste, I call the domestic palace; working joyfully, each at his several or many pursuits, and therefore bringing to pass quadruple as much as the most active community of the same number now does; each, with his wants and sympathies all gratified, with his voids all filled; can you conceive but that such a community must be in a high moral state.

Such is the normal unity of our human being, that you can not fully develop the intellectual without at the same time developing the moral, nor the moral but through the intellectual. For you can not give play to all your intellectual faculties without a close union of many individuals, so as to give scope, as we have described, to very many organized groups and series; while on the other hand this compact methodized union can not be, without the ever-active presence of good will and general reciprocal loyalty, which on its side it stimulates and nourishes.

Thus, by what we affirm to be a truly scientific organization of human relations, we profess to be able to do what in its magnitude, in its omnipotence, seems like to a miracle, viz.: to abrogate, to annul, to kill evil. Well may it seem so.

Fill up the vacuum of idleness, that measureless vacuum, which now gapes everywhere around us, like the foul steaming throats of numberless obscene monsters thrust up from the pit of perdition to poison and devour;—fill up that, and you leave no square for evil to get a footing. Unfold a man to the utmost of his capacity—a feat which is not now possible even to the most gifted and fortunate—do this, the which, mark you, can only be done in close co-operation of heart and head with his fellow-men, they par-

taking of the complete unfolding—and I defy him, thus environed, thus absorbed, to do evil. There will not be a crevice for evil to creep through at. All our vices, all our smallest misdoings, all our crimes, petty and capital, are the fruit of that which the maxim profoundly characterizes as the root of all evil.—The mind—in the term mind I embrace all the intellect and all the feelings—the mind, that tremendous, many-sided, universal instrument with its hundred blades, lives but by motion. Its unresting energy, not scientifically guidèd and controlled, hacks itself and those about it. It must work, if not constructively and productively, then destructively; and thence, so many strong natures, bred often from infancy amid the stenches of misery and vice and foulest ignorance, bend their craving faculties inward or outward, in one-sided harmful action on themselves and others. Amid our meagre provision for mental hunger, the mind, from lack of outward food, turns upon itself, and gnaws its own vitals into ennui, misanthropy, crime, and insanity. Except in the case of the few misgrowths, radically abnormal beings, whose moral natures are as hopelessly deranged as are the intellectual of the maddest inmate of the hospital, monsters like Pope Borgia and others, there never was a crime com-

mitted that was not the despair of impulses, robbed of their natural healthy function. In all your penitentiaries there is not a criminal whose bloody deed might not have been forestalled by work.

Again I beg you to grasp the full meaning of the word work. Except the mighty elements of Nature, light and air and earth and water, God's work, all about us is the fruit of man's work. What we tread on, what we handle, what shelters us, what feeds us, what teaches us; our cities, our ships, our roads, our schools, our churches, our books, the necessaries and comforts, and elegancies and luxuries around us; all knowledge, all science, the use we have and the joy from the great thoughts and aspirations and acts of Columbus, of Luther, of Milton, of Washington; all that has brought our life up to its present standard and keeps it there—all is the fruit of work, the work of the human brain, the source of all work, the lightnings ever shooting from which, vivify our earthly life, and which lightnings, when shall attain to its full play the mighty nervous battery built in each individual man so wonderfully, so awfully, so beautifully, by the Eternal Builder, will encircle each man with perfect light and perfect liberty. The human brain is a costly, compact casket—more costly and

compact than aught else in Nature—of electrified springs, sublimely contrived and set by the Divine hand—which springs in full and harmonious play, would produce a concert of thought, feeling, and action, that would make human life an incessant symphony, a jubilant harmony of infinitely-varied instruments.

To subdue the seething caldron of misery and vice and fraud, bubbling all around us, we have the resources of the mind, of these wondrous springs—our only resource, but all-sufficient; not of the mind as hitherto, highly cultivated in a few, but this omnipotent power, now more or less dormant in every individual, thoroughly awakened, made active in all by the organic life of associated work—this mental power, our great lever, multiplied a thousand-fold, and in and by multiplication through its ardent sympathies, purged of its dross and foulness, so that the mind of each shall be no longer a distorted, half-darkened, half-rusted instrument, but polished and lustrous, reflecting in its polish neighbor minds, the whole, one sparkling galaxy of eager smiling action, and all daily and hourly reflecting the resplendent harmony around and above it. In the longings and hopes of noble natures, there has ever been a reflection, a presaging of the Divine will, a perpetual gleam of the Divine

purpose on earth; and now, when by meditation and godlike intellectual power, sharpened and fostered by deep yearning for Christian justice and love, and stimulated by the unceasing cries of despairing wretchedness — now, when has been revealed a logical demonstrable method for the fulfilment of these lofty aspirations and hopes, they are ready to burst into glowing realities, embodying the divine will and purpose, and consummating the injunction, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect."

Does it seem a small area on which to solve so vast a problem, two thousand persons and a few thousand acres. Is this a short lever to heave the huge load of evil pressing upon humanity? What a tiny thing is a sunbeam, or a breath of air, or a drop of water; yet within them are the elements which, combined and diffused, feed the life of the whole vegetable and animal creation. Within the brain of a single man are all the elements wherewith have been wrought the countless miracles of human art and power that have already so much enlightened and advanced humanity; and which wisely combined according to inherent laws, shall yet exalt it to its glorious Christian destiny on earth. It will be the mind using the mind, with scientific precision and concentrated strength, for the noblest of ends.

Again, what a petty, unnoticeable fact is the fall of an apple. Yet that sufficed to fire a train of thought which led to the revealing of the law that governs the planetary system in its stupendous motions. A very common, and certainly a very small, daily occurrence, in our present false society, is a lie at the counter. A rebuke for not telling this lie—almost a necessary in trade—was the seed which, falling on the upright, thoughtful mind of the boy Fourier, grew to a fruitfulness which bore the great discovery—greater and more momentous than that of Newton—that attraction is too the law ordained to govern human relations, and that it is by the method of groups and series, whereby that law is to be made the agent for harmonizing and uplifting mankind.

But there are difficulties in the way of giving practical embodiment to these new principles of social and industrial association.—That there are, great difficulties. A social enterprise involving deep radical changes, fraught with sublime consequences, must be, ought to be, far more difficult to inaugurate than a bank or a railroad. The difficulties are too of the most obstinate kind, being those which grow out of prejudice and ignorance and mistaken self-interest, besides what, by contrast, may be called the rightful difficulty

of making principles so new and large acceptable even to broad, liberal minds. Was there ever a great undertaking that was not beset with difficulties? The history of our war of Independence is a history of difficulties mastered. The manliness of a man or race is proved by its will and power to conquer difficulties. We of the nineteenth century have reached our present elevation by making steps out of difficulties. But, be once accomplished this great aim of social reorganization on laws deep, simple, generative and just, and many things, the most precious to man, which are now difficult, nay, unattainable, will be easy. For as, to the man born brave, dangers are not difficulties, to the bountiful, giving is not difficult, so, when what every man is born to, he shall do and be, all his acts, the compassing of all his aims, will be easy; and equilibrium being established in himself and between himself and his fellows, general harmony amidst liveliest divers activity must ensue; and the outcome will be, content and happiness, which is now not only difficult, but impossible as a permanence to any one.

But it is not difficult only, it is Utopian, that is, visionary, impracticable, this scheme. No: it is not Utopian. Utopia is a dream-life, reared in the waking brain by man's imagination; and

every such fabric, the offspring of human invention, is and must ever be unsubstantial, baseless as a phantasm. In aiming to compass such solid results by such method, the mind works awry, out of the plane of its orbit; therefore idly, unprofitably. No imaginative fertility, no constructive ingenuity, were adequate of itself, to give birth to a substantial, organic, social creation. Summon the most comprehensive, creative minds the earth has known, to work, not singly but in unison, the minds of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Kepler, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Bacon, of Goethe, conceive them in thoughtful conclave, their combinod intellect and genius earnestly busied with the vast problem of recasting human society; even their transcendant mental resources united could not, by mere inventive skill, come near to the solution, could not produce a tithe of the solid equipoised proportions, the beauty and the grandeur displayed in the picture given by Fourier of the new society. Fourier, like any one or all of them together, was utterly incompetent to invent, to draw out of his imagination, these proportions and harmonies; but the *law* of human association once by him discovered, from that they all flow with a profusion and strength and symmetry, by the side of which the imaginations of the greatest poets are loose and pallid.—And hold in mind

the sublime pedigree of this discovery, born of the rectitude of a boy, whose high moral nature recoiled from the daily lie, which they would have made to him a duty; and whose strong truthfulness was, by providential combination, united to an intellect broad and searching, to a steadfast will, and a faith that no obstacles could shake; so that the unceasing, unselfish labors of his manhood—launched on this great path by his lacerated integrity—were at last crowned with a resplendent success, and dying, he left a legacy more priceless than ever was, save by one, bequeathed to suffering humanity.

Utopian! It is Utopian, if the exhortations, to love one another, to be just, are Utopian. And of a truth, these large possibilities, inculcated by the inspired teacher, seem and are at present Utopian, under the discordant cruel conditions of life, from which even the true and generous can not escape, in our necessarily self-seeking, our perverted devil-take-the-hindmost organization; the which conditions are aggravated and perpetuated by gloomy, one-sided, theological dogmas, which, teaching the unchristian, the animal doctrine, the blasphemous doctrine, that men are all by nature depraved and worthless, have diverted men's minds from the true, scientific, providential means of converting these great

exhortations into daily act; have, by cultivating mock humility, low fear, and egotistic hope, substituting these for manly liberal knowledge, kept men ignorant of themselves.

Another present Utopia, a Utopia, vainly attempted to be put into act, is the hope of bringing order into our social chaos, of rectifying all wrong, by charity. To give, is but an alleviation of misery, never an eradication of evil; a dressing of wounds, never a prevention of blows. Our actual unscientific unchristian organization makes the poor: it is its duty to feed and clothe them. We must give: None but hard and sordid natures can, with the wails ever heard around them, refuse to give. But the more we give, the more we must continue to give. Were a man with a million to give it all to the poor, the result would be that in his circle he would double the number of the poor. Increase of alms increases poverty and immorality by decreasing self-respect and self-reliance. The more this generation gives, the more the next will have to give. So perverse are our present social relations, that you deepen the ill by your very bounty, which bounty you yet can not, you must not, you dare not withhold.

The noblest charity, the most Christian charity, the sole thoroughly Christian charity, is, to lift

the poor out of poverty; which great deed can only be done by enabling each man to erect himself into his proper manhood; and this he can only do through willing work, the full all-satisfying work I have attempted to describe.

All expedients, all one-sided measures, all the temporary provisions and prohibitions of human law-makers; all the fluctuating fancies, the conventional creeds of theologians, the socialist rejects, as exhausted and marrowless. He takes his stand on solid, unchangeable, paramount, natural, God-made law; affirming, that every province of life, high or low, bears within itself inherent laws, all-sufficient, if scientifically appreciated and obeyed, for its government; through which laws the Divine will speaks.—Not arrogantly and profanely would he strive to remake man, to undo the work of God, to remould the nature of humanity, suppressing its instincts, crushing its impulses; thereby deforming the beauty of nature, maiming its integrity, falsifying truth. The socialist reverently recognises and accepts God's facts, and would work with them and in them. He would unite high reason to Christian love, concentrating their combined beams into a focus so intense, that a warm cleansing fire shall be lighted on the universal hearth of humanity, consuming all poverty and

crime, and fusing all hostile classes into co-operative harmony.

This is the faith of the socialist; a faith, deeper, firmer, higher than any other man has —a faith absolute and unconditional in the wisdom and goodness of God; not a hollow, vague, traditional, verbal faith, but a living, fresh, strong, cordial faith, verified and sanctified by faith in man. This is the science of the socialist, built of the intuitions of genius confirmed by logic—a science inspired by faith, a faith fed by science; and in their union potent to remove mountains, the mountains of misery and vice that weigh on Christendom.

THE END.

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